

What You Think is Right A Fictional Poem

I see the crowd forming around her already;
The new girl --
She's been bullied.
Cause she's different.
Cause she doesn't speak much;
Doesn't do much.

The people just have to bother someone,
Like it's a religion or something.
I've seen it happen for all these years
But this time it bothers me.
I don't know why,
I just can't take it anymore.

I'm walking over there
I can hear the name-calling,
The shouts,
The pushing and pulling,
The hitting,
And the sobs.

The teachers don't see it,
Or maybe they just don't care.
But I do.
I'm elbowing through the crowd,
Suddenly I find myself in the middle.
The people go silent.

All you can hear is the wind
And the scuffing of feet on the pavement.
The girl has stopped crying.
People start getting mad;
They ask what I'm doing,
Tell me to leave.

I tell them to stop what they're doing,
What they're saying.
I tell them it's wrong,
That it's not okay.

That they have no right
To pick on someone because they feel like it.

She's staring at me, jaw dropped.
I've never talked to her
Or looked at her, really
She's pretty, with pale skin and dark brown hair.
I wonder if they're jealous,
If they do things because they can't be like her.

I ask them why they do it.
Someone says it's because she's mean.
I ask how and get no reply.
Someone else says she's rude;
They say that she doesn't answer them,
That she just stares.

I tell them it's probably because
She doesn't enjoy replying
to the awful questions.
I tell them to back off.
Then maybe she won't be so 'mean'
Or maybe she won't be so 'rude'

Then the girl speaks.
She asks why,
Why I'm doing this for her,
Why I suddenly care.
I tell her it's because everyone deserves a chance,
That we all should be treated equal.

And I care because it isn't fair
For you to stand here
And deal with this.
So go,
Go and do what you think is right.
Like I am doing now.