

13 Twists - *A school going boy who becomes a victim of bullying.*

(A suicide noose has 13 twists.)

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As I enter the main hallway,
I get a comment from this blunt.
"You're a curly haired joke,
Uglier than the canteen lady's son".
"Look at that bloke"
She whispers to her friend,
They look at me and get stunned.
"His shirt isn't even pressed,
His forearm has a nasty burn."
I don't turn to them, I never turn.
I'd rather walk by than to become more fun.

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I'm an entertainment for these top guys,
But about me, not one half is even concerned.
I'm just a play around for their boredom,
A punching bag for their fist.
They hit me harder and harder,
As if a target they have missed.
It's routine to get bullied around,
To get pushed around and dissed.
And they will carry on dissing me,
Until I've tied the 13th twist.

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Another Monday today,
Another day of results and marks.
One more time I fail today,
Once again I'll have to restart.
The teachers don't understand it,
They can't formulate my falling apart.
They don't see that I'm too afraid to breath,
They see that I'm not working hard.
Well I am working hard!

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I'm working hard to hide from them,
The nasty and dangerous adolescents!
Hiding or else they will pick on me.
The hot weather will get cold and thick on me.
They will surf my lunchbox, ruin my books.
Push me to the walls and scrape me towards hooks!
Then I'll cry to the mirror,
To see how helpless the guy looks!
His looks will make me more unconvinced.
I'll wipe the blood down his elbow,
Cover wounds on his wrists.
Go home, see mum and get my welcome home kiss,
Right after that I'll start finishing the 13 twists!

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It's a horror day, like every day,
But more so because the number is more.
They've bought their friends too,
They will be playing scores!
3 pointer for whoever hits me harder,
With the pumped up, orange basketball.
My nose is all bloody,
I've bumped myself to the wall.
I can hardly open my eyes, can hardly stand tall!
I can hardly move myself,
My body aches and my knees won't crawl.
Slowly and gradually, they've took out life from me,
slowly and gradually, they've took out my soul.
They've took the strength in me,
To stand after I fall.
They've left no esteem in me,
No wish for me to remain being.
I've finally finished the 13th twist,
Now I only have to lean!

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On top of the chair feels so cold,
It's heartbreaking that I'm here.
From wherever I possibly could be,
Making progress for a career!
The will to succeed was on Everest,
But the pain to give up is so shear.
It's sad to see materialistic people,
Who tease you for what you eat,
Beat you for what you wear.

-

It's a heartbreak to think about mama,
She will fall apart and cry.
It's horrifying to think about her,
But mama your boy did try.
See the list you made mama,
There was ambition and winning.
There was never a word about me quit.
But the unjust of the world was neglected on your list.
Mama I couldn't neglect though,
Not my wrist, not being dissed,
Nor the pushing around nor the heavy fist.
Mama forgive me,
I leaned soon after I tied the 13th twist.
Mama I quit.

I could only compile in life; 13 twists!

Lived again. – *A sick old man reflecting back on his life when he realizes he does not have long left to live.*

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As I lay down helpless,
On this white hospital bed.
Counting on my last moments,
Thinking about how my life went.
The way I wasted valuable time,
I now realize how much it meant.
I'm sure it would've been used,
The way it should have been spent.
Only if...I lived again.

-

I remember those things I let go to,
I remember that one friend.
We always went together,
To everywhere we went.
Saturday nights, drinks and month long camps.
Then I moved to the other side of the town,
So I could save \$200 on rent.
We started to meet much less,
Things clearly started to come to an end.
I didn't text him ever, because he didn't text me ever,
Ego for us proved to be better than being friends.
If I had the chance again,
I wouldn't leave it on those ends.
I never would. If only I lived again!

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First I gave in too much to study,
Then gave too much time to work.
Thought money would solve the shit,
Then oh shit, I felt ever so stuck!
Earned all those big dollars,
But was still left terribly hurt!
I gave in so much then realized,
Was it all ever enough?
What was it all really worth?
Was this the reason why,
I was made and sent to earth?
I wish I could take re-birth,
So I didn't live it all the same.
I would live it all very different,
If only I lived again.

-

I still remember that day,
I had to choose my courses.
I wanted to be a drummer,
But those very strong forces!
Mum and dad decided,
I had to be in I.T.
They placed their argument saying,
The field was really mighty!
They were right, it is,
But it never actually excite me.
I never chose it for myself,
I was a drummer deep inside me.
But who cared about my inside?
I just followed and respected their say,
And now today while here I lay,
I think how different it would have been today!
Maybe I'd have little less salary,
But wouldn't it still be okay?

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While I think, all these regrets hurt more than the pain,
I lost all my health and lost all my main,
If I lived different, it wouldn't be all the same.
But hey, look what I became.
A life that didn't live,
But lived only the veins.
And as the veins stop and for forever I faint.
I have one last wish, can I live again?
Can i live again?

Child. – *Narrative piece of poetry on how domestic violence is seen by a young child of the victim and guilty.*

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Behind the grey painted walls,
Only the views can really hide.
Even by strong wooden doors,
Screams cannot be denied.
I hear terrifying voices,
They're the reasons I'm awake all night.
And after the disastrous darkness,
Doesn't rise a sun with light,
Instead comes to the picture,
Scars on mum's face from the fight.
She hides them under her hair,
She pretends they can be justified,
She thinks I am unaware,
Unfortunately I'm not deaf or blind.
I'm just, a helpless little child.

-

For a kid of my age at school,
I look pretty less than prepared.
And when the teacher asks an eight year old,
"Why do you look so scared?"
I shiver in fear of the fact that,
He touched me and he stared.
He pretends he has a concern,
But he is a man, how can he care?
It's fair for me to not avoid fear,
There are hundreds of boys everywhere.
Hundreds of them, looking strong and wild!
Me? I'm just a little girl,
a weak little eight year old child.

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It's 7pm in the evening again,
And I can see her shiver already.
The house is pretty warm,
But mum doesn't look half steady.
It's almost time for dinner,
And dinner means time for dad.
It means it's almost time for plates to be thrown around,
Time for the food to be insulted,
When dinner didn't taste as bad.
It's time for behind the grey walls,
The wooden door and screams of a woman,
While she's brutally punished by a lad.
But every time she comes out,
Mum's smiling and never looks sad.
Though I can feel the pieces broken inside,
But I won't be told. I'm just a little grown up child.

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Even after his second child and first son,
Things could not positively fill him.
8 years on and the man, he is still him.
I wonder to myself sometimes,
Why mother just does not kill him!
But mum says she's waiting for a day,
When his own deeds thrill him.
The day he realizes her love,
But his love is only a day when it is less rough.
It is not that he doesn't love her,
He loves her when he needs her in bed.
He loves her when he can't find any other woman in bed instead.
They're right, love makes us blind.
What mum can't see can be seen by my eyes,
By the eyes of a 16 year old child.

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Today was a day of the revival,
An evil man was creating an evil man.
My 8 year old brother threw the plates in his hand.
He stood up and pushed me back,
Spat at me and called me a brat.
Does he even know what that means?
My father laughed and my mother looked down,
If you grow in hell then only devils are found.
The 8 year old wasn't aware of his doings,
But no one stopping him made him feel sound.
For me and mum, it was just another round.
Another round of circles in disguise,
A lifetime in hell and no chance of survive.
But because I am a girl, it was right.
It's okay because my brother's a boy,
Never mind him being, just an 8 year old child.

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When a boy at school asks me out,
I'm completely freaked out in surprise.
I like that he respects me, but it all can be lies.
Mum says at 16, even dad was very nice.
I couldn't imagine me behind the grey walls,
I couldn't hold strength to take any tries.
I refused the guy and let down my cries,
For hours and hours myself I despised.
I like him I really do, but what I did was right. Wasn't it right?
I grew up with this education; all men have an evil side.
I was taught this day and day after,
Since I was an 8 year old child.

Stop moaning – *an old father complaining to his young son.*

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When you were 1
you usually peed on me.
I used to laugh and go to bath.
Today when I pee on the floor,
Are you playing the same part?

When you were 2
I used to cry when you had flu.
Ask yourself today;
I have cancer,
What do you do?

When you were 3
And your nappy needed a change;
Happily i gave a hand,
But today. Are things the same?

Today when I need you,
Sadly because I'm growing,
You have 2 words for me..
STOP MOANING!

-

When you turned 13,
I gave you your first phone.
I don't want a phone,
I just don't want to be home alone.

When you lost your sports matches,
There was only I by you.
I, who today, you sigh to.

When you needed a push on your bicycle,
I was there to push you along.
Today you make me feel,
Where do I belong?

Like how without lullabies, you couldn't sleep,
I cannot sleep without snoring.
So please be patient,
And stop saying,
STOP MOANING!

One last time – *with so much hatred and terrorism in the world currently, this fiction poem attempts to create an imagination on how a very young girl could react in such a torrid situation.*

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One last hour before school ended,
Just one last class of art.
We got our colour pencils ready,
But before we got to start.
The teacher told us the instructions,
She said, draw your favourite thing.
I picked the colour up quickly,
I was drawing a woman in pink.
I knew I was going to draw her,
I didn't even have to think.
But never did I ever think,
I was drawing her, one last time.

-

I had just started working,
Just drew the face pretty and round.
And came to us like disaster,
A loud and unpleasant sound.
The teachers started to panic,
One ran out in the ground.
She was shot dead from far,
The teacher shouted,
All kids down to the ground.
My teacher hid me in the wardrobe,
I tried to hear every sound.
But before my friends could hide,
The entire class stood astound.
I heard steps entering the class,
And then gun shots towards the ground.
Should I have been selfishly happy that I wasn't found?
Or depressed, I didn't even see my friends, one last time.

-

Alive in the wardrobe,
I started pouring down tears.
I was down and drowned, lost totally in fear.
Mother once told me,
"When you have fears, just get distracted."
So that was exactly how I reacted.
I continued to draw from the pink face.
I carried down till mother's waist.
Now I needed to draw her jeans in blue,
I peeked into the class,
The colour was near my friend's shoe.
I completed the drawing and looked at mother,
But who knew I was looking at her, one last time!

-

I looked at the drawing,
With a smile on my face.

"She looks like you."

A voice was loudly raised.

I looked up at the man with a gun,

My smile totally erased.

"You have any last wish kid?"

The man asked.

I answered back,

"Yes. I have one last.

Can I call mother to know how to get rid of this fear?"

He laughed and replied,

"Do not worry, that is why I am here."

He said it will take only one trigger;

After which I'll be completely fine.

And I stayed hurt for one minute,

One last time.