

Today, Everything Was Grey

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Today,
Everything was grey,
The wind was malleable
Bent into whistles
Of wished nostalgia
Hammered memories of middle school
Just beneath the clouds,
She thought I wouldn't notice
If her sneaky Impressionism
Outlined a little girl in the stars
Like an acute constellation
But I did.
She was only 9
The first time she realized
Blade and friendship were synonymous.
They taped signs to her back
Like lost and found stickers
Reminding kids of how short she really was.
To them she was midget girl,
And to herself she was somewhere
Between the black and blue
Bruises looked like tire stains
And the bus driver knew her by first name,
Her and them,
The other girls who stoned her with callous
Diction
Needle-like they jabbed her with snide remarks
And ripped her of her humanity,
There
Is a classroom full of kids who also know what it's like to be small,
Bullies know little of love,
And mountains of heartache,
They tell me that everyone is a bully,
We're all meant to be bullies,
Bullied,
Buried...



Deep into the spongy gusto of hierarchy,
Resurrection knows of no reversion.
They cannot simply seek forgiveness of their sins,
Their hands are still tape-stained with her sorrows
These kids try to brush off their pain
But it is the suicide hotline poster
Hanging on the cafeteria wall
That reminds her that death is
A leech stuck to her heart.
On the good days the bus driver won't let them
Shave her head bald with their whispers
She is anorexic,
A side effect: hair loss
They call her little piggy,
They call her retard,
They call her dyke,
They call her Oreo
They call her nerd because she'd rather
Live in the climax of a novel
Than the sidelines of her life,
"Go kill yourself" and "I wish you were dead"
Are captionized on her Instagram photos
She wonders if death will make her beautiful
So she bottles up her courage
And swallows a bottle of pain killers
She found in her parents' medicine cabinet.
Her mouth was the eulogy to her parents,
A self-hate letter
Why did they not make her more beautiful?
How could they not know?
A child does not simply place themselves in a position
To be picked out and bruised up,
They are not spoiled fruit,
They are casually waiting
For their parched lungs
To be filled with more than
Tainted water and self-help pills.
19.6 percent of students reported being bullied
In the last school year,
7 percent of those students



Escaped a life that called them worthless,
They were worth more than italicized font.
Today,
Everything was grey,
I put on my little black dress
And crossed a bare road,
Searched for hope
In the constellations
And lay flowers on her grave.

