

Do I have to go to school today?

By: Emily Bannard

This poem is written from a lonely invisible person's point of view.

Invisible, alone, afraid, and confused.
Broken, sad, emotional, and abused.

Do I really exist in our world we call home?
Or am I a toy, a glass or a plastic comb?

I sit in the classroom waiting to be used.
While im tortured, made fun of, and mentally abused.

I lower my head down a little bit more,
My chin is pointing directly to the floor.

God can we have a chat?
Im always humiliated, why is that?

Is this my life is there something else to do?
Is this my life god? *Please* give me a clue.

I have a lot of friends, but do they really have my back?
Would they trade me for a boy? I would have a heart attack.

You see my beauty beyond what they see.
You know a totally different side of me.

You've looked beyond what's really there.
Thank you god, I knew you'd care.

Thank you god for showing me that I could depend
On you and me . . . god thanks again.

Amen.