

My (Survival) Story

By Kait

I tried to start writing my story, but all that became of it
was complicated comparisons and meaningless metaphors.
I thought that's just what I had to do, to connect with people.
Tell some confusing story about a lion and a lamb, or a turtle and a hare
with some hidden cliché reworded moral of a story,
explaining how the inferior character always wins in the end,
and people would just get what I was trying to say.
but you see, in reality, I didn't know which character I was supposed to play
and so I played someone different every single day.
You see it's hard to stand up for yourself, when you don't even know who you are,
And in school, if you didn't define yourself, others had no problem doing it for you
.
So my name tag read Kait, but the names people called me sounded nothing like
that.
slut, queer, trash, worthless, nothing.
I call them names, because that's what I became. At least in my mind, so it kept me
in line.
for seven years in the hall I looked at the ground,
I thought people wouldn't kick me if I was already down.
And if I didn't look up, I couldn't see the mirror,
that way you and I could both pretend I wasn't even there.
And they decided that popcorn looked even better in my hair, but when I hid in the
bathroom stall during lunch, they said I was throwing up my food.
Which, I was.
because I was too big, too small, too short, too tall, too skinny, and too fat.
I was big foot and man hands, with gorilla arm hair.
I took up other people's air and might as well go die in a hole because no one even
wants me here.
But that was okay, I didn't want to be here either.
My mom still thinks I fractured my hand from catching it in the door,
but I had the locker slammed on it because if you cry, that means you're asking for
more.
And I didn't know how to face her,
or the fact that I was a failure.
And even though I just graduated, I still feel I owe her apologies.
for the messages everyday the principal left on her phone,
for the days she had to get me, because I couldn't drive myself home,

for the permanent art work on my arms that wouldn't ever be hung on fridge,
for always playing too close to the ledge.

Because I couldn't pass math, but I could calculate just how many pills it took me
to get sick without passing out so I didn't have to go to school the next day.

42.

I'm sorry.

Even once they were done with me, I felt like I owed them an apology.

Like they could hit me in the face, and I would apologize for standing in the way
of their hand.

There were times I didn't believe I would be here today.

But look at me now, look where I stand.

Never did I realize that my own two hands had to the power to control my life. or
end it.

My own principal, looked at me and said there was nothing he could do, unless I
was seriously hurt.

Like to actually be noticed, I'd have to be dead in the dirt.

Because he thought that even if I walked away crying, as long as I was still alive
and walking, it wasn't his problem.

His position of power told him he could decide when I was in pain, but he wasn't
the one who had to stand in the rain.

Look in my eyes, look at my arms, read my poetry,
can you still see me?

I lost myself halfway between my current normalcy and my makeshift reality.

Drowning in a sea of ideas that unless I became just another number in data about
bullying,

that I wouldn't actually make a difference.

because in a world where we focus on problems like gun control,

we over look the fact that people can cause just as much damage with their words.

An issue is defined as a topic that can be debated or discussed,

Like the "issue" I had with bullying was something that could be compromised.

Like my own life, was a thing that could be compromised.

It's like if you see a lamb being slaughtered,

you just let it continue. because you too are a lamb,

and it very well could be you.

I think in a way that's kind of the worlds view,

like if i don't change a number or a statistic. There's nothing I actually went
through.

Tell me why no stories ever make the news, about being a survivor of bullying.

but if my story was told, after I was six feet under, it would actually mean
something.

It doesn't take 50 cents a day,
it literally costs nothing to be a decent human being,
or to simply treat each person like they have some meaning.
they say charity begins at home, but I think that's where the love should start too
because those that know hurt are the ones that hurt you
and my brothers and sisters who have walked in my shoes, i'm sorry if it gave you
blisters
for the longest time I tried to wear a pair that didn't fit, when I tried to be a she, that
wasn't me.
Bullying is not just a consequence, the effects I still live with are alive and real,
sometimes they are more real than I feel.
You can not push me under the rug because I am still here.
I am not just another bullying story.
And I am not just my bullying story.
Put a name to my face and call me, survivor.