

## Marie Lewis

A few years ago me and my best friend,  
made a vow to stay together until the end.  
A few months later her grandmother got sick,  
I began to see cuts on Marie's arms, *'Oh. It's just a nick.'*

She'd laugh and wave it off,  
soon her grand mother began to cough.  
One day, we were in the middle of LA,  
a teacher came, *'Marie Lewis to the office, without delay.'*  
She never cam back that day,  
I hoped she was okay.

I called her after school,  
*'I thought she'd get better, I feel like a fool!'*  
I asked her what was wrong and Marie cried,  
*'Amy, it's my grandmother, she died.'*

Later her tears stopped their flow,  
Before we knew it, we were off to middle school.  
We didn't talk much though,  
mostly because I had become to cool.

I couldn't have bee bullying her,  
could I?  
I didn't talk mean of hurt her,  
if someone asked if I knew her, I'd deny.

That is until we trashed her gym locker,  
it's not my fault that my friends called her a stalker.  
We wrote mean stuff and tried not to laugh,  
we thought she'd have a cow and a half.

We watched and stared as she came in,  
she just sighed and put her stuff in a bin.  
She was moved to another locker,  
that didn't stop us from hurting her.

We taunted and teased,  
we did as we pleased.  
She'd walk by,  
we'd keep quiet hoping she'd cry.

She never did,  
she bottled her emotions and put on the lid.  
Suddenly she began to wear long sleeves,  
but, it must have been at least eighty-degrees.

For months and months it went on this way,  
not once did a tear stray.  
I took a step further,  
I told her crush, she's loved him forever.

One night I was doing my homework, math was a dozer,  
my phone rang, I picked up and answered, 'What is it loser?'  
Her voice was thick with tears,  
to hear it made me want to shield my ears,

'I only called to say one thing,'  
then I heard a metal cling.  
'I for give you Amy,  
and everything you've done to hurt me.'

With that she ended the call,  
I laid down and to sleep I would fall,  
I dreamed of I back in the day,  
before her grandmother passed away.

I was happily chattering the next day in class,  
the teacher called Marie's name last.  
She wasn't there that day,  
part of me wondered if sh was okay.

Later that week there was an assembly,  
I saw my friends looking around nervously.  
'What's wrong?' I asked,  
'You'll see' one rasped.

The principal began and sighed,  
'There's no easy way to say this, Marie Lewis has died.  
Last Saturday her parents found her on her bed,  
she put a bullet in her own head.'

I couldn't breathe,  
then I awoke.  
Clutching the sheets around me,  
it was all a dream I did realize.

I picked up my phone,  
and dialed a familiar number.  
'What do you want?' she spoke in an annoyed tone,  
'Sorry, I didn't call sooner.'

We talked that night for hours,  
I felt stupid for letting a relationship go.  
Especially one as great as ours,  
I felt so terrible, so low.

We hung out over the weekend,  
I was happy to be her friend again.  
I still can't believe that she ever forgave me,  
I was as mean as anyone could be.

That Monday we walk to school,  
I was ready to give up being "cool".  
As long as I had Marie by my side,  
somehow I'd survive.

We walked through the door it was just as I expected,  
'Since when did you hang out with Miss Rejected?'  
I turned to see,  
my old "Friends" behind me.

'You know that makes you a loser now',  
they looked like they were about to have a cow.  
'I'm just glad I made the call',  
We left them there, and walked down the hall.

I stayed by Marie's side,  
but snide comments came through.  
The fire in her eyes had died,  
I had a lot of work to do.

A few weeks later,  
I was doing homework with her.  
I noticed a scar,  
it was thin, white and went up her arm far.

The more I looked,  
I couldn't help but see.  
There were just so many,  
the amount surprised me.

When I asked what they were,  
she laughed and waved it off just like before.  
So I let it go,  
I honestly didn't know.

I walked in to her room a few days later,  
she was holding to her arm.  
A blade from a razor.  
That's when I realized that words could cause harm.

When she saw me she cried,  
she told me she lied.  
She said she was cutting,  
she loved the feel of it's sting.

I've heard of it before,  
cutting I mean.  
The addiction,  
is near impossible to feat.

I begged and I pleaded,  
I wanted her to stop.  
'Come on,' I said, 'you don't need it.'  
She snapped, 'Who are you, a cop?'

Hours and hours I begged on end,  
'I just got you back,  
don't let me lose my best friend.  
I know you can quit, it's a fact.'

Finally she agreed,  
she promised to stop that horrible deed.  
I swore no one else would know,  
as long as no more scars had their show.

For weeks everything was fine,  
'Hey Amy! I found us a job online.  
It's counseling kids our own age,  
victims of their bully's rage.'

I agreed,  
the job was perfect for us.  
I was a bully and she the one who was bullied,  
the memory haunted me, though she never made a fuss.

We started a week later,  
I turned and said this to her:  
'We can show them other people do understand,  
Together we can.'

By: Cassandra Wright