

The Empty Chair
(and other poems)

by

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A Message from the Author

Thank you very much for buying my book. By purchasing this poetry collection, you are helping raise awareness of bullying and the awful effects that it is having on school children, not only in the UK but across the world. Each copy that is purchased contributes money to the UK charity beatbully.org. You can find out more information about what they do and how they can help at the end of the book.

When you have finished reading, and hopefully enjoying my poems, if you would be so kind as to leave a few words by way of a review on Amazon, it will help further raise awareness of this collection, and of bullying, and for that I would thank you from the bottom of my heart.

The Empty Chair

Was I really ever there?
Do you see that empty chair?
The chair in which I once was sat.
Where we used to laugh and chat,

and take the fun out of the school.
Until somebody changed the rule
of who was hip and who was in.
Just because I wasn't thin,

allowed the calling of the names.
To you, it was just fun and games.
But it cut me to my very core
until I could take it no more.

How I hated being fat,
but nothing I did could change that.
No matter that I ate so little,
my confidence began to whittle

as others called me names like blob
and other things that made me sob.
I asked if I could stay at home,
where I could let my wishes roam

of being in the crowd once more,
not always looking at the floor,
avoiding stares as I walked past.
My role was now the child outcast.

The kid who had the broken heart,
because the others chose to start

to mock me because of my size.
My tears, my sobs, they were their prize.

Each day to me, a constant grind
to try to leave the taunts behind.
There's only so much I could do
to try to reconnect with you.

My friend from all those days of old,
my memories of them were gold.
But you're not there, and no-one cares
about the fat kid on the stairs.

Trying my best to make it through
another day so down and blue.
But in the end, your taunts so cruel
are all it takes, that final tool.

To push me into the abyss,
to know that no more I will kiss
my family or you, my friend.
But now here at the very end.

I hope that you remember me,
and the friend you used to be.
The friend who wiped away my tears
and told me that you'd face my fears,

alongside me before you changed
and we became so far estranged.
I hope one day that you will see
how important you were to me.

You used to be my only friend.
Now hope is gone and cannot mend
the ache I feel within my soul,
my life is empty, just a hole,

where there used to be my heart.
So just a thought as I depart.
Do you see that empty chair?
Will you remember I was there?

Did you see me? Did you care?

Did you see me over there?
Did you stop to stand and stare?
As I lived my daily grind
With shoves and punches from behind.

Every day I lived in fear
Of names like gay and fag and queer.
The taunts of bullies to my face
That made me come to hate the place.

Teachers lacked the time to help
I was left in pain to yelp,
As punches came from everywhere
My life was turned to a nightmare.

All because I liked a boy
And how he filled my life with joy.
Until that boy spurned my advance,
His hatred left me in a trance.

Of endless suffering and pain
My humiliation was their gain.
To stroke the egos of the crowd
Who watched their actions and allowed

My torment to continue daily
As their laughter rang out gaily.
As the bullies stopped and said
“Why don’t you just drop down dead!”

No-one came forward from the mass
To put a bully on his ass.
Instead they watched as I was held,
My breath from lungs always expelled

By punches to my sides and ribs.
They took their turns, calling dibs
On who could hit me more than most,
My easy life was turned to toast.

So when you saw me sitting there,
All alone, did you care?
Did you think to say hello?
Which may have set my day aglow.

With thoughts that maybe someone did
Care enough to like this kid.
This kid who’s life was without hope
And ended with a knotted rope.

Who's family are left to grieve,
Who prey and beg and must believe
By telling you about his pain
That this could not happen again.

To another boy or girl or child
Who's pain to you seems only mild.
But to them sat there without a friend
Sometimes it seems the only end.

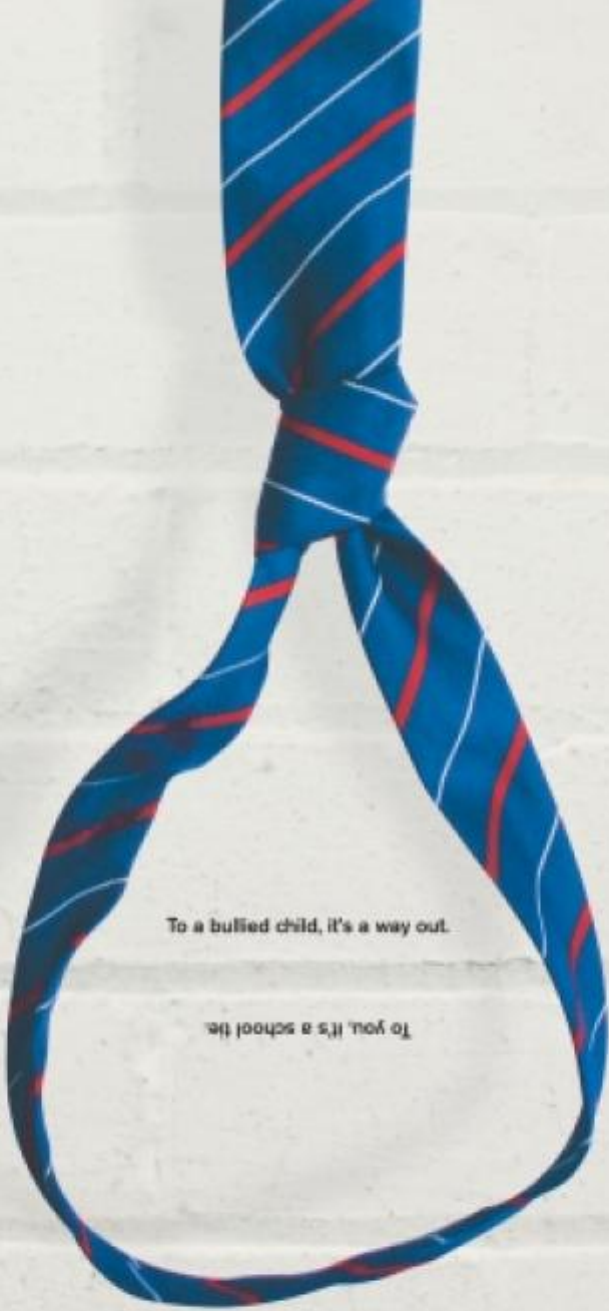
Is to tread the path many have trodden
With teary faces and cheeks sodden.
As they duplicate my fate
To end their lives so filled with hate.

If you were one to stand and stare,
Did this mean you did not care?
Or could you make a difference now
And so step forward with a vow.

To stop the bullies before they start
To cause such pain, to break a heart.
To stop them before it's too late
And send another to my fate.

So stand up tall, consider this
As they stare into the abyss.
You can help and you can mend
Their life by simply being a friend.


To let them know that you do care
And tell everyone that is there.
There has never been a better time
To stop the bullies and hate crime!



To a bullied child, it's a way out.

To you, it's a school tie.

At least 10 bullied children commit suicide in the UK every year.

 beatbullying.org