

He Came Back

The teacher made me cry.

I am tired of writing
tired of working
tired of friends leaving while I stay here
and the familiar being far
and talk of the holidays
when I can't be home

And so the teacher made me cry.

He called for back-up.
I suppose he was unsure of how to handle it.

I will never trust him again.
I will never leave this place.
I will never see home.
I have lost sight of the outside world.

But he came back.

He came back
after school had ended
and tied up the frayed ends of trust.

He came back.

Maybe there is hope
in this broken world.