

JUST WATCHING



At lunch, they all crowd around,
Their eyes stuck on my cast,
Like it's some kind of treasure map.
"Did it hurt?" someone asks,
And I nod, though I don't remember the pain.

I sit apart in gym, watching them run,
The ball ricocheting off the walls.
The coach says, "Next time, maybe,"
But next time feels far away,
And my arm itches where I can't scratch.

I watch the others, fast and free,
Their laughter echoing off the walls.
Jamie sits beside me, quiet at first,
Then says, "It's hard, isn't it? Just watching."
I nod, and they don't say more—they just stay.

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