



By Shaivi

In English, and Hindi, you pronounce my name like shy-v. I am NOT shy and I'm definitely not a v. My name reminds me of my favorite colors – sky blue and purple. It also reminds me of blue skies. Any idea why?

I wish so many people didn't pronounce my name like shave-y. To me it just sounds weird. I wish my friends could call me something like S because nobody pronounces it wrong that way. It is so irritating that they call me shavie! At least, nobody will make fun of my name. I prefer my name to a lot of other names like Annapurna that are long and from India.

My name is ok-ish to me and I find it fine....for now.

If I could have a new name I would make it about me, like ...Spark! I always have sparks of ideas so Spark would suit me fine! I am always scurrying around and asking people if they need help like making cards or designing a room.

But for now, Shaivi is probably what suits me until my parents change my birth certificate...

The end

Poems inspired by William Carlos Williams
By Shaivi

My version of This is just to say:

I'm sorry I broke your mug.
To me it looked like a bug.

So I got that thing you hit flies with,
But I realized it wasn't worth it.

But now I think it's better,
In pieces all over the floor.

If you don't like it,
Chuck it out the door!

My version of the red wheelbarrow:

The big blue plate

so much to be
done

with the big blue
plate

with a big fat
bun

near the chocolate
cake

Confused

By Shaivi

Eyebrows up and down,
Brain looking for an answer,
In a maze of thoughts.

Bored

By Shaivi

Empty face, hiding,
Mouth upset, frowning,
Fed up 'cause I'm bored!

Snake

By Shaivi

Snake, snake, so bright and so green,
Why do you will yourself to never be seen?

I will myself to not be seen,
Since you want my skin, so bright and so green.

Snake, snake, so bright and so green,
Where, oh, where, have you, sir been?

I have been to a world beyond,
To help snakes like me, to bond.

Snake, snake, with misty green thoughts,
Who are the villains that thine has fought?

I have fought the mean ones,
Meaner than beyond your dreams.

Snake, snake, with misty green thoughts,
Tell me more, tell me more.

I have been to the land above.
I have been to a sea alcove.

I have been through perilous land,
Which you call the desert full of sand.

Living harsh, fighting hard,
Now thy grows to be a bard.

Snake, snake, so bright and so green,
Where can I get your eyes?

Eyes as bright as thine eyes?
Eyes like thine, dancing in the firelight.

Snake, snake so bright and so green,
Now I understand why thy will never be seen.

If I was a pencil
By Shaivi

I twirled around the page, my markings making a delicious lollipop come to life. I skated, as graceful as a swan, as I skimmed over the page, finally going dizzy as I soon tired of dancing. Not seeming to notice my tiredness, the huge hand controlling me still pushed me onwards, tiring me even more. Sighing, I got over how I felt, and went by the will of the hand as I continued. I swirled, twirled, and leapt my way through as nimble as a grasshopper. Soon, a melodious sound filled my ears as well as the sound of the huge thud I'd made as I landed on the floor. All of the conversation I had heard was a shrill and loud: "Hey, what's up?" before I landed. I rolled and rolled until I stopped at a dark space. Where was I? My insides felt like they had been broken. I groaned and tried to roll away. I was a mechanical pencil! I was not supposed to be doing this! I was meant to be the pride and joy of a writers or artists life! I suddenly realized something short and stubby was next to me...a stick? No, that couldn't be it...a flat stick, most likely.... It looked like the stick that the hand made me draw attached to the lollipop! Now the hands conversation was over. It bent down to pick me up, and forgetting all about mysterious sticks, I swirled and twirled, dancing as graceful as a gymnast, making my work come alive.

White House At Night
By Vincent van Gogh

Shaivi

Dark creeps in,
Like a spider, so slowly

The quilt of night,
Full of stars, is thrown over

Night is waking up,
The day falling asleep

The little house, once so bright,
Now with the light gone

As the shadows softly creep,
Over yonder, down deep

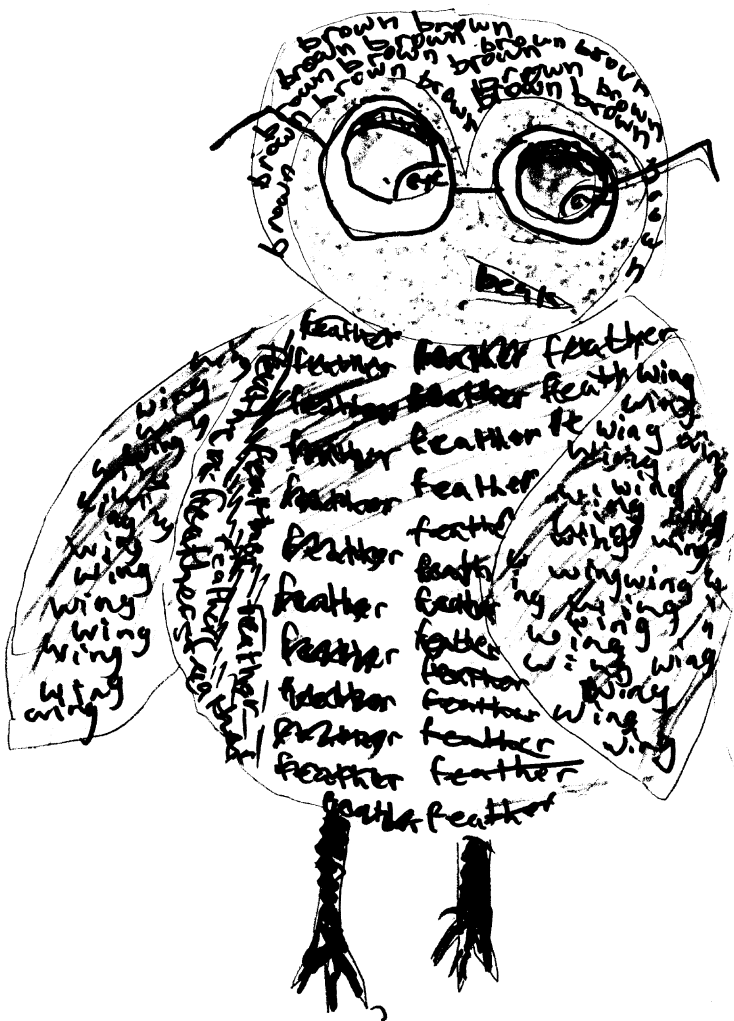
All is well, safe and sound
As the house soon nods off

Until the sun paces up,
Over hills and trees,

A friendly night wind,
Blows through, swift as the breeze

Leaving the old, starting the new,
Is what the white house will do.

Owl
By: Shari!



My Sonnet
By Shaivi
Inspired by William Shakespeare

To my dog Snoopy

Can I compare you to another dog?
You are so funny it would be hard to!
When you eat, you eat like a doggy hog
You're so cute that I wont ever scare you!

I love you like I would love a brother
But like a brother, you can get annoying!
Thanks for loving us better than others
And when we call you names, we're just toying!

Your cute ears always flop when you run
Your grin shows you're always excited
You are always having fun in the sun
We will always make sure you are guided

You know we love you and that you love us,
But you know you sometimes irritate us!

My Grandmother

By Shaivi

My grandmother is as fragile as a butterfly. She is always fluttering here or there, either coming out of the kitchen carrying a delicious south Indian dish, sitting in front of her shrine and offering the idol a type of food, or watching her favorite Tamil show very intently. She always hugs me close, as if I was so special to her, like a precious stone. When she is in the kitchen, stirring a pot or frying something, the smell that drifts out feels like an invisible hand, pulling me towards the kitchen by my nose. She was always humming a tune or singing, whether it was a prayer or the latest hit. Her silver grey hair, so long and as soft as a rabbits ear, would be twirled around and around until the perfect bun was reflected upon her head. Always chatting in Tamil, her and my dad would chat for what seemed like hours on end. Every morning, after she changed, it was always a sari that was wrapped around her, as if she was a gift, and the sari was a wrapper. We always laugh and play around her, and I wish my stays with her would never end.

The Wolf

By Shaivi

You hear a howl,
And then it comes,
Grey fur turned silver
In the moonlight.
It's power radiates
Leadership and fear
To the kingdom, the pack.
As it is the leader.
For one moment,
Looks at you.
Those cold, yellow eyes,
Fixed on you.
Nose pointed at you.
The face, like a halo
Is a white, bright light.
Then it is gone.
Swift as the winds,
As he runs through the trees,
Sleek padded paws
Soft on the snow.
Then the hunter comes.
The chase is on!
The majestic creature
Slinking, now hiding
As the hunter shot the bullet.
The king is down!
And the hunters takes him.
As the alpha is now
Drowned of life.
He is the wolf.

Water over Stones

By Shaivi

Water trickling,
Like lots of little feet on
Natures pretty stones