

Vaishnavi Nanda Kumar

THE PURPLE IN LIQUID AMBER



Poems are my way of expressing my feelings.
Expression is not only about facial expression,
it's also about the way you use words.



PREFACE

Hello! My name is Vaishnavi Nanda Kumar. I started writing poems when I was 7. I give my thanks to my family and teachers for helping me come this far. I hope you will enjoy this poetry collection. I named this *Purple in Liquid Amber* because my favourite colour is purple and the first poem I wrote, *Lorikeets*, was written in my garden which had a liquid amber tree. At that time and till now I am very much attached to that tree. Enjoy!

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Vaishnavi

*If anybody asks me,
“What’s the trickiest poem on your shelf?”
All I would answer,
Is the simple word ‘myself’.
Everyone writes about heroes,
Heroines, dogs and a cat,
But if it was themselves,
Who would write that?
Oh, the title of this poem,
Why, it’s about me!
It’s all about me, Vaishnavi.*

Pin Perspective

To: The annoying and impolite guy who stepped on me

*Ok, I know what you're thinking, that I am a pin, nothing more,
But isn't it only me, that hangs papers on your door?
You're going and whining to the doctor, that you stepped on a 50 gram pin,
But what oh what should I say, I bore the weight of a very light tin?
No way! It was 75 kilograms! 75.5 mind you,
So now I can safely state, that the sharp point literally saved me phew!
I can roughly remember how you stepped on me,
You surprisingly stepped! But it hurt you see.
I can't believe you are self centered, so indescribably rude,
Blaming a poor defenceless pin, (PS: your foot stank, ewe!)*

*Medicare, star health, private health insurance, oh my, you're so lucky you
know,*

But my only type of support is biting my lip on the floor.

*What, it wasn't my fault, that you stepped on me,
Why, you're the careless bloke who didn't look pohee!*

*PS, please note, I ended up in the bin!
From your annoyed and so called friend the P J N.*

Lorikeets

*It was Sunday afternoon when I threw my bread,
Then four Lorikeets came and sat on my garden bed.*

Four more lorikeets came, that's eight,

And eight means that is great!

*They flew so high, they reached the sky,
they came back down, and sat on the ground.*

*That's the end of my Lorikeets song,
And if you see all this, you can sing along.*

The Shark

*He glided so quietly, nobody took notice,
He was rather a peculiar fish, and that's why I wrote this.
Under the clear blue water, glided this smoke blue fish,
"I really need a nice juicy fish" he said and I do think that it is his
wish.*

*Buttoned eyes, sand paper skin,
Oh so delicately he can swim,
I wish I could see a shark one day,
But I only want to meet one that is friendly to play!*

Mini Beasts

*Hairy creatures big and small
Mini beasts are what we call them all
Spiders, beetles, flies and ants
All come together in this dance.
Growing up, mating, giving birth,
Don't forget childhood it's part of the growth spurt
They shed their skin not a very soft thing
It might happen in childhood or when they have their wings
Some are spiky, some are furry
But altogether they are mini
I don't know if they know their life cycle*

*But they must be enjoying their very mini life
Even though we think a mini beast's life is short
They will accomplish what they came for, just like Mozart
Big, small, thin, tall, anything is fine for me,
Even if there is a mini beast in a tree!
Oh mini beasts! Oh mini beasts! Your life is so wonderful
Even though some of you are black and white, your life is fully
colourful.*

Balasoundari

(Hindu Goddess and my favourite)

*A golden pleat in this goddess's sari,
The brightest dress worn by Balasoundari.
Gleaming jewels, shimmering bright
Sitting with Shiva in the sparkling moonlight.
In one hand she has the handsome Velava,
In the other she has the intelligent Ganesha.
Our very own Earth, she carries on herself,
We, ourselves, can't even carry a bookshelf!
Oh goddess, oh devi, oh my beautiful goddess Balasoundari,
Always stay in my heart, always stay beside me.*

Love to Read

*You might think a book is annoying in your mind,
Always causing trouble every single time!
No use, not for you, not for anyone at all,
Just lying in the library to decorate the wall!
Is this your perception? Please tell me if it's true,
But I think you should change it and that will change your thinking too!
Where does all your imagination come from? It is from a tiny book.
You can learn about indigenous people or even Captain Cook!
Inspiration comes from the very book that you read,
Your mind has so many branches each one filled with leaves.
You can write about facts or your own creation too,
But whatever you do doesn't matter because the person with the idea is you.*

The book is the root for all imagination, like a root is the beginning of the tree.

But the root also starts with a seed, and the seed is you and me!

As you water the seed well, the plant begins to grow.

The water that helps us grow taller is a book as you should know.

The first buds of the plant come out of earth's soil,

And then the farmer works very hard and toils.

Sooner or later you grow a bit taller than me,

And then you start blooming with flowers or you become a large tree.

But whatever plant you are, always starts with a book,

So next time when you see a plant imagine this poem and look.

Now think about a little book lying on the shelf,

Everyone should love 2 read with their friends or by themself.

Dreamland

*I take you to this wonderful place, that's created by my imagination,
With the relaxing essence, you'll have no complication!
There is a money tree, where thousands of dollars fall,
If you collect you'll be able to buy more than all!
In this magical place, you get Ice Cream and Cotton Candy,
Toffee apples and maybe even Sugar Lollies!
You can listen to music, dance and eat,
And this place is called Dreamland! Isn't it sweet?*

Merry Christmas

*Oh, merry Christmas to one and all,
We'll make some pudding and a Christmas doll,
We'll hang the doll on the Christmas tree,
Oh what fun, we'll have a spree!
There are lots of Christmas things to do,
But the best part is spending time with you,
Chocolate coins and cookies to share,
Some jellybeans from my best friend Clair.
Merry Christmas,
Merry Christmas!*

Mrs. Usher

(My teacher in Class 3)

*Every day I came to school from my house to front gate
I am always greeted by my best mate.
But the real happiness comes when I see my teacher's smile,
And hearing the lovely words like the river Nile.
She says, "Good morning Vaishnavi, how are you?"
And I say "I am fine, thank you!"
That's my only teacher Mrs. Usher in year 3
And when I always speak to her my heart fills with glee!*

Miss Bond

(My kindergarten teacher)

*My first day at school, I ain't know what to do,
I stepped into the class, who took care of me? You!*

My very own name, I couldn't even write.

Now, I'm up to cursive, you taught me, right?

As long as I walk the pavement, I'll thank you Miss Bond.

I hope you enjoy your retirement all lifelong!

Mrs. Brock

(My Library teacher)

*Thank you for teaching me during this year,
You are a sweet teacher and that is very clear.*

Even after the bell goes ding, ding, ding.

You support me in the library with pretty much anything!

Thank you sooo much Mrs. Brock

Thanks so much I thank you a lot!

Spring is here

*Spring is here, laugh and cheer,
All the girls and boys want to hear,
That I'm a good singer and that is true,
"Five Fulumpy, Fina Flue"
The bubbles blow, and you can do it too,
"Five Flumpy, Fina Flue",
Spring is here, spring is here,
Spring is here!*

Cops! I was not looking

*I was quivering from top to bottom, I ain't know what to do,
My head just had a brainwave, you'll understand if it was you.
Today was the maths exam; the marks ain't just this and that.*

Was it really the day of the big test? Was it? Oh, rat!

Yesterday we revised all the times tables from 1-12

But the only one that didn't listen was me, Annabelle.

Oh my, Oh me, I was worried about Polly's salad dressing.

Yes miss? Oh, Oh! Cops! I was not looking!

Body

*Tongues are used for tasting,
Hands can touch and fling.
Feet can be used for kicking,
Heads store all smart things.
Toes are important in ballet,
Knees let our legs bend,
Bottoms are for wearing pants,
And maybe that's the end.*

Christmas, Christmas!

*Oh Christmas, Oh Christmas, Oh Merry Christmas,
A giant feast down the hall,
Oh Christmas, Oh Christmas, Oh Merry Christmas,
A gift from the heart, for one and for all!
Oh Christmas, Oh Christmas, Oh Merry Christmas,
Hanging dolls on a Christmas tree,
Oh Christmas, Oh Christmas, Oh Merry Christmas,
Giving presents for you and me!
Oh Christmas, Oh Christmas, Oh Merry Christmas,
Having a party the whole day through,
Oh Christmas, Oh Christmas, Oh Merry Christmas,
I can't wait, can you?*

Home from School

*School bell rings, Kids all run,
I pause for a second, it's sensible not fun.
After, 2 minutes, I jump on Lee's bike,
She gets down at her house, and then I hike.
The class bully sees me, and knocks over my bag,
And all my books fall out, and a truck rides over my art rag.
I packed up all my things; thank goodness my rag was old,
Because if I damage a new thing, I'd get the whacking I was told.
After a few meters, I reached the local high school,
And the stampedes race out, Oh! I'm such a fool.
Finally I reach my home; I enter and go to my room,
Finally, I've reached home; I've reached home from school.*

The Castle

*The trees in the forest, the kingdom and the lakes,
The rolling hills form a path way, and adorned with gems are the
gates.*

*A hundred feet tall, the priceless monument,
An item of matchless beauty, even more beautiful when the royal
family is present.*

*The king sits on his crystal throne, with the queen on her ruby one,
The princess has a purple gem stone throne, and the prince's is blue,
weighing a ton.*

*The castle is the dream home, even if you are at Paris's grandest hall,
And its real beauty shines, when you witness it all*

Goorialla

*In the dreamtime, the earth was flat, only humans wandered the
ground,
No birds, no trees, no animals, no bushes or mountains all around.
The great Goorialla the rainbow serpent set off to find his tribe,
On the way he made rivers and lakes, slithering with pride.
He met his people, and taught them how to dance properly,
But when the rain came he built himself a humpy.
He swallowed the Bil-Bil, or rainbow lorikeet brothers,
And his spirit comes after the rain, the beautiful rainbow colours!*

The Sky

*People may say some things, about clouds and bird flocks,
But I shake my head in dismay, the hidden meanings are lots.
The clouds are the sun's spilled milk, running this way and that,
Or they are the soft silk, clothing the sun from a hat.
The birds all shrivel together, and turn around and drop,
Because of the reflecting weather, they look like confetti falling from
the top.
This is not all; there are more meanings to the sky,
Big, small, short, tall, the variations are high.*

My Holiday- I came to India

*Thought was involved, changes were considered,
Differences could unfold, but the idea wasn't discarded.
On Wednesday 4th of June, I flew away from where,
Morn, nigh and noon, I was brought up with care.
In 1 month flat, I had bundled up my area,
And in a second, in a tad, we had left Australia!
I came to Estancia, wrote VME exam,
And now I'm here in India and I'm proud of who I am!*

Plants

*The lovely scent,
The prickly leaves,
I could be mentioning,
Flowers or trees.*

*But I am making a generalisation,
Plants are a beautiful creation!*

Dance

*Hearing the anklets on the feet,
Twisting and turning to the beat.
Keeping hands in aligned position,
Moving with complete precision.
Even if you miss one beat,
The piece will look incomplete,
Waving the hands to symbolise a river,
Or a snake that is yet to slither.
The word to explain this is 'enhance',
The art to explain this is 'dance'!*

