

Poetry Series

NISHIT KALAVADIA
- poems -

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NISHIT KALAVADIA(14-5-1998)

i am nishit kalavadia. i study in class 7 in snk schoo. i like to compile and write poems or to make on my own

gh

A Double-Blind Study Is Truly Doubly Blind

A double-blind study is truly doubly blind:
First, because it thinks it's in control;
Second, because it's in too much control,
Masking mirrors with the face of mind.
Being's neither linear nor lined;
Cause and effect are one, not two; the whole
Is not the sum of separate parts; the goal
Must be with more humility defined.
One sees by flashlight; variables unknown
Cannot be controlled for; nothing is
Isolable; each moment is unique.
Yes, statistics help, but they are prone
To hide what might be missing. Scientists quiz
The world and get the answers that they seek.

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Beauty

Beautiful eyes, beautiful face,
I'm shy to talk to you.
You're the eagle I must watch
No matter what I do.
You're the beauty, wild and free,
The mistress of my eyes,
Rolling through exultant air,
Alone in pristine skies.

I would take you for my own
Could I but have your wings,
Could I but go where night begins
And frozen sunlight sings.

Could I but have you for my love,
How might we fly together!
But I must watch you from below
And long for you forever.
But I must be the one below
And long for you forever.

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Best Friends

Best Friends

Best Friends

The title i chose

But what does it mean to be "best friends"?

You should see each other every day?

Well that's not true for you and me

Should silly little fights get in our way?

Only if that's how it's meant to be

Should we give?

Should we borrow?

Should we dance like there's not tomorrow?

Secrets are traded

Privacy invaded

Hugs and smiles are shared

Tears are shed

Love is spread

We know that we both really cared

I smile, you smile

You cry, I cry

I wish, you wish

You die, I die

If you fall

I'll help you up

And if you call

I'll always pick up

Best Friends Forever

The promise we made

And I know in my heart

That it will never fade

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Ed And Ted Have Spaceships

There once was a spaceship captain named Ted.
And also a spaceship captain named Ed.

Ted had a speedy, tidy neat ship.
He had a chair. He had a bed.
He had switches to flip.
He had a food replicator
And a 2 way communicator.
That was all that he carried.
That was all that he brought.
Said Ted,
'A ship ought to be tidy and taught! '

Ed's ship had all those things too.
And a few things more. Well,
Rather more than a few.
He had bolts. He had screws.
He had glop. He had ooze.
He had snails. He had eels.
He had bananas. They had peels.
He had papers. He had books.
He had niches. He had nooks.
He had raisins. And bread.
He had tofu, had Ed.
He had a copilot/wife
(Edwina, her name)
And all of their life
The mess was the same.
They had penguins. And squirrels.
Little boys. Little girls.
Wolf spiders and flies,
Hang gliders and ties.
They had Wook-Took-a-Zookers
And Aquarium Glookers.
'Cause Ted liked to travel with less,
But Eds like to travel with mess!

Said Ted,
'You are silly, Ed.

All that stuff bogs you down.
You're being a slob.
You're being a clown! '

Ted was right, too.
The stuff bogged down Ed's ship,
Kind of like glue.
It slowed down Ed too,
'Cause all the stuff
Was hard to wade through.

But one day by a fluke,
They dropped the bomb
And the Earth was nuked.
No one left. No one home.
Ted and Ed were on their own.
Because when they came back from Procoyon,
To their surprise, their world was gone!
With no more fuel they were stuck there-
Cause Ed's tanks were filled with junk,
And Ted's were filled with air.

Several days later their heaters broke.
Ed's family wore coats and burned papers.
The biomass kept his spaceship warm.
But Ted got chilly and got the vapors.

Several weeks later their bolts got loose.
Ed tightened his up and fixed 'em with glues.
Ted's bolts just kept getting looser and looser
Because he didn't bring wrenches and didn't brings gluesers.

Several months later their food replicators broke.
Ed's family ate their raisins and bread.
And they grew veggies in dirt.
But Ted got hungry instead.

A couple days later their oxygenators blew.
Ed's family and penguins breathed the air
From the plants that they grew.
And Ted?
Ted's dead!

Moral: Complexity is good.

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Friends

Friend

IT HAS MEANT SO MUCH
HAVING YOU AS A FRIEND
YOU WILL ALWAYS BE A PART OF ME
UNTIL THE END

WHEN TIMES ARE TOUGH
YOU ARE ALWAYS THERE
IT HAS BRIGHTENED MY WORLD
JUST KNOWING YOU CARE

YOU MAKE ME FEEL THE LOVE
I HAVE INSIDE
YOU ARE A FRIEND,
A MENTOR, A GUIDE

SINCE WE MET
OUR FRIENDSHIP HAS GROWN
WHILE YOU'RE IN THE WORLD
I WILL NEVER BE ALONE

I FEEL BLESSED TO HAVE MET
SOME ONE LIKE YOU
AND TO HAVE FOUND A FRIENDSHIP
SO SPECIAL AND TRUE

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Knowledge – My Enemy!

Knowledge – My Enemy!

My thirst for the truth is ever so great
I'd spend hours turning every rock and stone
Each word is so very vital
Scamming through all the pages I can find
I search and I search and I search
No hour is too long or day too short
The need of knowing must be fulfilled
Memory can only hold so much yet I go on
Leaving behind what I find wasteful
I surge forward every moment seeking
My strength is my weapon
Deeper and deeper I dig for information
Necessity is it for my life to have some meaning
Facts and figures are my longing
I desire to know what others already
No compensation for less
Blood boiling as my head aches
My need to know grows greater every day
Realization that not all specifics are to my liking
Yet I charge forward in quest for better results
Hoping for something tasteful
Wanting to know needing to know
Knowledge - my enemy!

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Lewssons

LESSONS

WHAT ARE THE LESSONS THAT WE SO DEEPLY NEED TO LEARN? ARE THEY LESSONS OF MAKING THINGS BETTER AND BRIGHT? ARE THEY LESSONS OF CHANGE MAKING THINGS RIGHT?

ARE THEY LESSONS THAT TEACH US TODAY? LESSONS OF HOPE, ARE THEY HONEST AND TRUE? THESE LESSONS ARE WHAT MAKE ME AND YOU!

THESE LESSONS WE LEARN ARE THEY HAPPY OR SAD? DO WE LOVE AND FORGIVE OR DO WE STAY MAD? THE LESSONS IN LIFE ARE FUTURE EVENTS.

LESSONS NOT HANDLED MAKE EMPTY A PLAN, A LESSON IN LIFE IS LIKE TWO BIRDS IN THE HAND. ONE LESSON TO LOVE ONE LESSON TO HATE. WHICH ONE TO CHOOSE? WHICH ONE TO MAKE.

LESSONS NOT EASY SO HARD TO DISCERN, NO BETTER ANSWER THAN THE LESSON WELL LEARNED. LEARN THE LESSONS THE PEOPLE SAY. LESSONS WELL LEARNED ARE EASY TO REPLAY.

WHEN THE LESSON IS LEARNED YOU DON'T MAKE THE SAME PLAN. YOU KNOW THE ONE THAT WAS MESSED UP, THAT BAD DEAL OF A HAND.

LESSONS IN LIFE ARE AWESOME AT BEST BECAUSE OF THE CHANGE THAT IT MAKES IN OUR HEARTS. THEY ARE LESSONS IN LIFE THAT NEVER DEPART. LEARN THE LESSONS WITH ALL YOUR HEART.

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Our Friendship

Our Friendship

As I think of our friendship, I begin to see
Mere words can't describe what you mean to me.
When this cold, hard world has me lonesome and blue
I look up to see my angel, my sweet angel, you.

You dry the tears that fall from my eyes.
You bring me sunshine to brighten my sky.
You rescue me when I'm scared and alone
And take my hand to lead me home.

No matter the miles that keep us apart
We're always together in each other's hearts
Sometimes we take for granted, I fear,
The ones who are so close and dear.

We get so caught up in life and things we must do
Sometimes we forget to stop and say I love you.
If ever you felt I forgot or didn't care
Let me stop right now, my true feelings I'll share.

You're the sun in my sky, the bed where I lie.
You're the home where I'm safe, the field where I play.
You're everything I am, everything I do.
So what I am saying is I LOVE YOU!

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Our Heart Will Always Touch

Our Hearts Will Always Touch

When I laid there beside you,
Could you feel me there?
My arms were wrapped around you,
And I was stroking your hair.

I was talking about all the good times,
For me they were every single day.
I wanted you to feel love and comfort,
And happy in some way.

I watched your every breath,
And prayed that each one wasn't your last.
The time we got to share together,
Went by too quick...Too fast.

I wanted you to wake up,
Please Mum...Open your eyes.
Tell me this is a nightmare,
And not our goodbyes.

As your last breath grew closer,
We lay there peacefully together.
My heart continually breaking,
Because I wanted you forever.

Then there it was,
Your final breath of air.
I didn't want to believe it,
This is so cruel and not fair.

I held your beautiful face,
And prayed you'd breath again.
I wasn't ready for you to go,
I couldn't admit that this was the end.

But then I realized that you were now in peace,
And not suffering anymore.

You were beginning the life of an Angel,
And your body would no loner be sore.

I held you close and squeezed you tight,
And tried to say goodbye.
I've lost my Mum and my number one best friend,
All my heart could do is cry.

I slowly got up,
I wanted so much to stay.
I leaned over and gave you one more kiss,
It was so hard to walk away.

Mum you are my entire world,
And I miss you so very much.
I wish I could feel your loveable cuddle,
And your soft and gentle touch.

But for now I have to wait,
Until we meet again.
You will always be in my heart and thoughts,
My dear Mum and best friend.

Always and Forever,
Our hearts will always touch.
Always and Forever,
Your baby girl loves you so much

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Perris Valley

Perris Valley

Join me now in seeing the beautiful playing of the beings all around us,
Expressing sharing the biosphere of earth with us,

Dolphins frolicking, dashing spray at sea,
Squirrels with their tails flowing, leaping tree to tree:

An elk stag bugling, sounding his love call,
Peregrine falcons mating in free fall;

A timber wolf cocking her head quizzically,
Tiger cubs cuffing, sprawling clumsily;

Penguins popping up on the ice flow,
Humming birds hovering, darting to and fro;

Baboons staging theater-in-the-round,
A rockin ol' bull walrus, makin' his walrus sound;

A big dog bounding high to catch a frisbee,
Kittens with their tiny claws having an unquinting bee;

Thoroughbreds at the gate, tossing their heads a prancing,
Elephants trumpeting, in the jungle dancing;

Otters sliding down the mud slide,
A white whale sounding, breaching high an' wide.

CHORUS:

All kinds of play are found round the world,
From chess in the Ukraine to bull fights in Spain,
From Olympic Games with banners in furled,
To Death Games amid sand grains at El Alamein,
Yes, play is a word we use every which way,
From gun play to sword play to word play to foreplay,
From gamboling lambs in a meadow in May
Or a gambling man in old Santa Fe,

One space to play in,
One place to fly free south of L.A.,
And in from the sea, diving away from the D.C.3,
High in the wind over Perris Valley, valley, valleeeee, Perris Valleeeee.

I close my eyes and see people at play,
Age in the night to this day:

A batter swinging in the box,
A climber reaching on the rocks,

A skier swooshing by on skis,
A glider gliding in the breeze,

A biker pumping by on a bike,
A tyke pedaling a trike,

A bird watcher watching birds,
A poet stringing together words,

A caver torching in a cave,
A surfer riding on a wave,

A marathoner running the race,
A poker player playing an ace,

A chess player reaching to take a piece,
A channel swimmer all coated with grease,

A gambler rolling on the table two dice,
A skater twirling on the ice,

A soap box speaker being verbose,
A late night comic being gross,

A colonel being a cannon loose,
Truman waving from a caboose,

A gymnast swinging on the rings,
A guitarist playing on the strings,

Skydivers swooping to the formation

Excited patriots forming a nation.

CHORUS:

All kinds of play are found round the world,
from chess in the Ukraine to bull fights in Spain....

by Larry Yohn

Yohn is a skydiver, skydiving teacher, and
high school teacher in Perris, California.

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She Sailed Away From Harbour

They said her sails were tattered,
Would rip when by the wind battered.
They threw discouragement at her.
Best to stay in the harbor.

They said her rigging was frayed,
All grizzled and frazzled and flayed;
Would part from the stress the wind made.
Best to stay in the harbor.

They said her mast was brittle,
Would not give even a little;
They said it would crack in the middle.
Best to stay in the harbor.

They said her hull was encrusted,
Said it could never be trusted;
Would be on the rocks busted.
Best to stay in the harbor.

But she chose her own season to sail,
Praying her will would not fail,
Committing her vessel so frail
To sail away from the harbor.

She drew up her plans in the night,
Below decks by lantern light,
Knowing full well of the might
Of the ocean beyond the harbor.

She heard the night wind moan
And heard the ship's timbers groan,
And knew she would sail all alone
In the morning away from the harbor.

She dreamed she heard cries in the night
From a 'V' of wild geese high in flight
Through storm clouds and silver moonlight
Winging high over the harbor.

The dawn it came windy and gray
With wavetops blown into spray;
The brisk morning breeze seemed to say,
It's time to sail from the harbor.

Then windows of blue opened wide,
Seagulls circled and cried,
Her sails filled up as with pride,
And she sailed away from the harbor.

CODA

She sailed away from,
She sailed away from,
She sailed away from the harbor.

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Spring Hits Wider Bowl

Bugs bite big bouncing boy
Boy bites big bounding bugs
Boy bounces with boundless joy
Bugs give bugs small-bug hugs.

Hackey sack
Sackey sack
Zak he kicks
The Hackey Sack.
Lackey lack
Lackey lack
Zak he lacks
The Hackey Sack.

Noemi writes.
Noam he writes.
Noemi writes that
Noam he writes that
Noemi writes about
Noam.
Is Noam he real?
Or is Noemi real?
Or did I make them up
For this poem?

Shana lies
Under flying flies.
Shana's wise
To flying flies.
If Shana stands
Or lifts her hands
Then flying flies
Mite bite her eyes
So Shana lies
Safe from flies.

Rain
Rain
Rainy rain

Brainy Brain sits in rainy rain
Cause Brainy Brain knows
That when rainy rain goes
That grainy grass grows
Into grainy grass umbrellos.

Daffodils are yellow
Daffy Don is mellow
Daffy's pills
Cured Daffy's ills
And made him a mellow fellow.
Daffodils are green
Daffy Don has no spleen
The pills he chewed
Made him flower food
Now Don can't make the scene.

Robin crows
crow is robbin'
Away crow goes
Robin's sobbin'.

Zak he finds
His Hackey Sack
Zak he whacks
The Hackey sack
Crow he eats it
Thinks it's pizza.
Now Crow is ill
Needs Daffy's pills.
Old crow is sobbin'
Shouldn't rob a robin!

Springy spring
Makes me singy sing
Oh ding-a-ling
We're Fairy Kings!

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The Child Is A Great Gift

A child is the greatest gift
That our lives can bestow.
It brings the most exquisite joy
That we will ever know.
Some days deliver happiness,
Far more than we can touch.
We need the help of all our friends
To comprehend how much.

And so we thank you for the gifts,
Both those you brought and are,
That celebrate this rich, full life
And its rising star!

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The Christmas Computer

One winter morning
I was asked by my dad,
'What do you want for Christmas,
Young Thad? '

My answer was quick:
'I want a computer.
Not just any computer.
No, I want a root-tooter!
I want a ZBN 23,
No ripoffs. No scrapple.
No cheap imitations,
No lemons. No apples.

'I want a fast computer;
One so fast and flit
Four mathematicians, in 400 years
Couldn't do as much as it.

'I'll need an IGA graphics card;
Everyone knows graphics means games.
An IGA has 2 billion colors
Most of which don't even have names.

'Of course I'll need a modem-
The biggest, baudest modem around-
So I can call all the local computers
And make that BEEP-whirr sort of sound.
Oh! The boards I can call up!
Oh, the computers I can walk through!
I think you need another phone line
So you get a chance to talk too.

'Wait a minute! I forgot!
I'll need software too!
Hardware without software,
It just wouldn't do!
I'll need a word processor, for processing words.
I'll need a third processor, for processing thirds.

I'll need a spreadsheet. I'll need a tax program.
I'll need Super Paint. I'll need VAX-o'gram.
I'll want games in which you get to dropp blocks.
I'll want games where you get to shoot spaceships in socks.

'And I'll need a big hard drive to fit all my programs,
A very big hard drive. With hundreds of megograms.

'Oh yes! And a printer!
A Laserjet printer-
A 668 color Laserjet printer!
So I can print pretty pictures
In all colors through
Indigo-indigo-purplish-blue.

'And a full page scanner
So my computer can read.
And that's all the computer
That I'll ever need!

'Except...
What of a joystick?
How can I live
Without a big joystick?
I can't play all my games on the keyboard,
Why it wouldn't be right!
You wouldn't want all of my friends to think that you're tight!

'So a joystick. And mouse.
And a speech synthesizer.
And so I can talk back:
A speech recognizer.

'Oh, how my friends will like my machine!
When they see it they're sure to turn green!
They'll come over for hours to play all my games,
And see all my colors that don't even have names.

'But there's only one computer
And there's lots of us.
How can we all play
And not make a fuss?

I'll need terminals
That will connect us all through
To the main computer
(I'll need cables too) .

'Now the ZBN 23
Has RAM interriminable.
But not quite enough RAM
To keep track of ten terminals.
I'll need a step up-
A supercomputer.

'A ZBN Bloober-Supercomputer!
And a staff of technicians
To make sure it keeps working.
And a staff of debuggers
For any bugs that start lurking.

'An account on the Hinternet
So everyone on the planet
Can call my computer
(Please, don't ask me to can it) .

'There's just one more thing:
A Multi-User Confuser!
It's a kind of a game
That can be played by dozens of losers.

'So that's what I want.
I'm not asking much.
Why, Brad down the street
Has a computer that that wouldn't touch!

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The Future

the future

What does the future hold for us?
Smog filled skies and poison cars,
And broken land with useless dust
And nature's beauty behind bars.

Can I ever show my children,
(If they ever come my way)
The beauty of a sunset
At the ending of the day?

Can I walk into a forest,
And surround myself with trees,
Yet know that it will remain,
For me to visit as I please.

I know that I can today
Do all the things I've said,
But when today is yesterday,
Will all these things be dead?

This problem is enormous
As we gradually take heed,
So we must fix it quickly,
Using words and thoughts and deeds.'

From the Pachamama

NISHIT KALAVADIA

What Makes You Better Than Me

What Makes You Better Than Me?

What makes you better than me

Who are you to think of me the way you do?

who gave you the right to rant about me?

Tell me who deemed you the man or the judge?

Why do you hold in so much jealousy?

Who are you to stare and make fun and make me your next casualty?

You silly little person what makes you think in anyway that you are better than me?

Material things you may have more of

but that is not what makes me.

I am a very beautiful person inside and I am filled with nothing but generosity.

So when and if you ever wizen up

and begin to understand that there is more to life then cruelty.

you will come to this place where I am at.

Filled with love, joy, everlasting happiness and much assurance.

Hopefully you can see past all the hurt that you are spitting out.

Come on it's time to grow up and understand what this life is really about

Because money and things don't make a person only

Your inside makes who you are

Don't continue to be so harsh to others

learn to shine brighter than that shooting star

So again I must ask of you be true to who you really are

In everyway I think of you as a beautiful person

so what makes you so much better than me?

What Makes You Better Than Me?

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