



Gazing at the stars above
so pretty so far,
I wish I could get up there and have a ride,
on a long drive in my car.

Oh how I wish
I would someday be understood,
I would someday, be loved.
People would someday know.

I feel bemused
figuring out myself,
uncertain how to treat you,
weak but strong, here I am,
true to myself.

The quite blue in my mind
light penetrating through the window eyes
thoughts dancing and dazzling
as if my brain finally learned how to breathe.

-Khyati Srivastava
Class IX E

I Don't Know What To Name This

Clouds cry aloud in the sky,
so dark and dull, yet beautiful
The lightning through the clouds and
The whispers of the thunderstorm
sway with winds, hither-thither,
in the nature's fleeting foam.

I imagine a graceful ballet dancer,
Dancing up there with pain and grief
She shines bright as light,
But all she sees are the flaws and misbeliefs.

There is beauty and peace in her steps,
with which even the raindrops are in sync.
Sorrow hides in her breath,
more than you can even think.

-Khyati Srivastava
Class IX E

