

BACK TO SCHOOL And other Poems

A collection of poems on Children

by M.D swapna

poems C 91 to C 126

Typesetting and Image alignment

– Halesh prasad – amhpsys@gmail.com

A5 size – 88.pages

July, 2023 CE

Copyright

Kanchana - kanchanakathiresan@gmail.com

for private circulation

For soft or booklet copies, suggestions, feedback :

engoneforall@gmail.com

kanchanakathiresan@gmail.com

phone message only [WhatsApp] .8762789139

PREFACE

[Child Part3 – Back To School And Other Poems]

WE [THIS AUTHOR] classified children poems into a few categories : [a] oral by care-givers – lullabies for babies
[b] those to be read to or read by a little older children
[c] those about children for elders . There can be a fourth category: creative writing BY children, which is beyond our scope. Poems of the third category are given in this booklet.

In this series we have stressed on the great joy young ones can give to care-takers , notwithstanding the agonies and anguish when they are not well or for some reason inconsolable or uncontrollable. We have also mentioned that elders need not be too harsh on children in their anxiety to impart discipline from young age.

A neighbour's words come to mind [recall Mr. Wilson of the popular comic strip 'Dennis the menace']

Young children are cute ; I adore

all of them as long as they stay next door.

Another quip is : Says a teenager:

No, no, you are wrong

I am never negative.

Every booklet contains an index. [poem serial numbers].

We do not claim to touch upon all the topics relevant to children. Obvious omission is 'Education In The Modern World'

Again the illustrations are downloaded from the WEB. Our apologies for any license violation.

M.D.Swapna [pen name]

July 2023

CONTENTS

Poem no	title	page no
C 91	BACK TO SCHOOL	6
C 92	AGE OR CULTURE OR NATURE	10
C 93	MUNNA'S BASKET OF TOYS	14
C 94	MUNNI'S BUCKET OF TOYS	15
C 95	CLOSE THE WINDOWS	16
C 96	APPEAL BY A SINGLE FATHER	19
C 97	KITTY [1] to [8]	21
C 98	[THE] COW	26
C 99	MOON MISSING [<i>on a new moon day</i>]	28
C100	HELI IN OUR TOWN	30
C 101	DAHI HANDI- POT OF CURD, 2021	32
C 102	IF YOU ARE ALICE - PERSONAL POEM	35
C 103	LOCK-DOWN SOUND	41
C 104	OUR TOWN, that is	42
C 105	OUR VILLAGE , that was	44
C 106	SAND AND ART	46
C 107	THUNDER IN MYSORE	48
C 108	TWO OF A KIND	50
C 109	FLYING KISSES are floating around	52
C 110	BABA OR BABY	54
C 111	LIFE-SKILLS [1]	55
C 112	LIFE-SKILLS [2]	56
C 113	NO IRON HAND PLEASE	58
C 114	REPLICA	59
C 115	SLEEPING BEAUTY [1],[2]	61

C 116	VERBAL CHAT	64
C 117	BABY CRYING	66
C 118	PEDIATRIC EMERGENCY	68
C 119	SHARE SPECIAL TREATS	71
C 120	UGADI	73
C 121	JOKER ON THE STAGE	75
C 122	IT STARTS AT THREE	77
C 123	JAI, AJAY, VIJAY	80
C 124	SPIDERMAN IN 2020 CE	82
C 125	GROWING UP	84
C 126	DECISION OR DILEMMA	85
Index , this volume	c91 to c126	87

C91 BACK TO SCHOOL



Hey boys! Let us go to school
Sir says school is cool
'cool' meaning fun
Let us ask one by one



We are here on the road
We earn helping lorries to load
We got shelter in the godown
Or under vehicles in the hot sun



We do steal and sell a few
If caught beaten black and blue
Owners don't go to the police
since they would be booked for misuse
of children and under child labour
They are not doing us any favour

Let me go and talk
to a kind teacher I know
If useful I will come back
Then away from here all can go



Government homes and orphanages
Madam says are running for ages
helping run-away boys like us
Madam will save us from bad police.

Hey, *yars!* Let us go to school
Madam also says school is cool
'cool ' meaning good
Some give good food.

[*yars- friends, buddies-Hindi slang*]



We are used to carry sacks
As heavy as us, on our backs
Similar hard work can be done
To learn and bend the brain

Forget once for all, *paani-puri*
or junk food like *Gobi Manchuri*
Learn to like ashram rules
No more labels like urchins and fools
[*paani-puri, gobi manchuri- snacks*]

Going to school is perhaps the first step
Later our effort alone can help
Remember our each night's back pain
Why not give some work to the brain?

Hey, friends! To school let us go
'It is cool' Sir and Madam say so
Let us go and sincerely try
Ashram may be better than road-side.

[Note: many boys who run away from home , drop out of school , have been found to do manual jobs in cities]

C92 AGE OR CULTURE OR NATURE

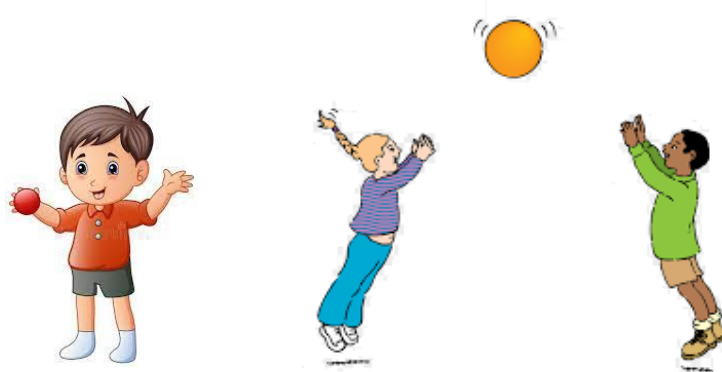
Four year olds

Noisily enjoy kicking, rolling
Huge plastic balls , 10” dia but quite light.
Munna and Munni
Try sitting on it , rolling with it
Kick it against the wall
And when it bounces back to hit them
I hear loud laughter by both of them.
[dia- diameter]



Eight year olds

Would like throwing , catching
Soft tennis balls , as in the cricket game
Munna could throw 10’ high and catch it.
Munni could not catch simple underhand throw
Whether he threw and caught the ball
Or whether she missed the catch
I could hear loud laughter by both of them.



Twelve year olds

had to be cajoled to play only with hands
 The junior volley ball and only 6' high net.
 Munna could serve high and well
 Munni's serves won't even reach the net.
 Whether I tried encouraging both or not
 Or whether their efforts succeeded or not
 Good game or laughter was audibly less.



Many years later

My bags full of toys, games and puzzles
 Were in a corner unopened and ignored
 Munna wanted to see and know
 If I could demo
 wheelies on my bike



Munni wanted to see the books I read
 And know if I could
 sing popular songs.
 No play and so no laughter together.



Four , eight, twelve Or much later

The four stages of life in the two genders
Which started with noisy laughter together
Faded to no audible laugh
but surely visible silence.
Less togetherness and more aloof
More individuality and so serious

Age or culture or nature
Leaves its signature.

[note: Munna- boy ..

Munni- girl

Wheelie – stunt with two-wheeler]

C93 MUNNA'S BASKET OF TOYS

In it many things you can find
Each one has its own mind
Cars bikes trucks trains
Together the set entertains

Munna says:

My bucket is full with toys
Animals, men, girls, boys
I will get a bigger basket
If more toys I happen to get.

Uncle says:

Toys are his own, his property
Until he became eight
Don't think of charity
He will surely fight



C94 MUNNI'S BUCKET OF TOYS

Dolls, dolls, dolls
Bucketful of dolls
Many from mummy many from aunty
Many from uncle next door
Yet Munni wants more

Munni says:



Toys, toys, toys
Newly bought with shine
Toys, toys, toys
Even if broken they are mine
Toys I keep in this bucket
Don't topple, you wicked

Aunty says:

Dolls, toys under her care
She would never share
Wait until she became eight
Give away a few, she might

C95 CLOSE THE WINDOWS

Grandma says :

It is winter,
cool air outside
close the windows ;
sit by my side.



Is it raining?
Close the windows
I may catch cold,
who knows?

Aromatic flowers are fine; but the pollen?
Close the windows my allergic nose is swollen

So hot! Summer must be severe
Close *the windows* put some water here.

The problem:

Windows are partial to the wind
They let the wind carry random luggage in
Like dust, leaves, insects and fume
Wind and windows are friends I assume .

Windows allowed waste along with the wind
Controlling the air came to my modern mind
Windows went, replaced by walls
She will be glad [I thought] ;
The notion was false.

I say:

Windows are closed any time of the year
I care for her, my grandma dear!

My friend says:

You have a problem; solution is easy;
Build up a new room install AC

Further story:

So all walls were painted in a pleasant hue
I shifted her to a room built anew
AC working, in her hand a remote too
Now she asks: "All dull, where is the view?"

She wants to witness the season of the year
Outside noise and gossip she wants to hear
But alas! From her position on invalid's bed
nothing; only ceiling and walls instead.

So I shifted her and the bed to the hall
From where she can feel events all
Guests come and ask "How is she today?"
A sweet smile tells what she wants to say

Lesson learnt:

Machines cannot convey comfort or cheer
As given by children and others to her dear.
In spite of closed windows and walls bare
People can carry a little love and care.

Let windows be open or closed
My grandma is cheerful, not bored
Let her see, hear, feel the spring
And whatever other seasons bring.



C96 APPEAL BY A SINGLE FATHER

TO HIS CHILD :

Hey munna are you crying?
Stop. Listen to what I am saying.
You are not a baby any more
You are already more than four.

Babies cry without a reason
It can be cold or change of season
You were a baby and I gave you the bottle
I supplied toys like trains and rattle.

Now you are a child , a big one
I have to call you by name, my son.
I will never hit or harshly scold
If you behave as you have been told.

The same rule to Munni too
Boys or girls to both of you
Ask if you can be bold
I'll tell you why I scold.

More difficult will be my job
If you cry, howl, or sob.
If I become angry and insane
I may even use a rod or a cane.

TO PARENTS :

Girls will be girls. Boys will be boys
Children will cry even if it annoys
you and me, pitiable parents
to which post we have no talents.

Do our duties as well as we can
It is not the job of one old man
to bring up a child
without getting wild

So single parents , remember
to control your temper
Every hit, every insult
done on the child now
may later in life result
in what we never know.



GENERAL:

Oh Munna how can I explain ?
Thanks to you , I complain
Oh our children, did you hear?
Be nice to your parents, dear!

[Munna- male child

Munni- girl child

affectionate pet names – Hindi]

C97 KITTY [1] SYLLABLE TALK

Kitty is another genius in our midst
Much younger than all the rest
Whom we have heard and knew
By their general name, Sawaal or Sonu

Kitty is the common name I give
To the toddler girls and boys who live
in any part of India with its variety
of language, religion, hamlet or city

A typical kitty can walk
unsteadily or run fairly well
he or she thinks he can talk
but not as well as hear or smell.

Single syllables is what he can speak
with a high pitch almost a squeak
Indian tongues enable him to gather
syllabic words from mother or father.

KITTY [2] RESPECT

‘father’ ‘mother, ‘go ‘ ‘come’
are single syllable sounds
For toddlers they become
easy beyond local bounds.

South Indian aunties are stubborn
They can’t let Kitty say ‘come’ or ‘you’
They correct the baby from the day it is born
Insist on polite terms in place of the two.

Strict grammar silences the speaker
Aunties think Kitty is 'slow'
If parents are mentally weaker
They won't let Kitty naturally grow

Meanwhile Kitty talks to me
Mimes and mimics what we see
Makes apt sounds at high pitch
expresses freely without a hitch

*[in our local languages there are at least two forms of
the second person i.e. you – second person plural for
respect, used for all elders and superiors- verbs are
conjugated suitably .*

e.g [Tamil, Kannada ,Hindi]

you [singular] = nee, neenu, thum

come = vaa, baa, aavo

you [with respect or plural]= neenga, neevu, aap

please come = vaanga, banni, aayiye]

KITTY [3] – NAME

Either 'ki' or 'ti' is his name
when visitors want to know
If they repeat the same
He says 'no, no' 'not so'
He cannot say the full word
But he can feel what is said
is right or wrong as per your rules
Kitty's are cute, never are they fools

KITTY [4] JUMP

Every kitty I have seen so far
liked to jump on our springy sofa
When they become uncles will they
allow jumping on their sofa .
by kitties of their day ?



KITTY[5] LAP

I was watching Kitty and little Sonu
Wanted to see what Sonu will do .
She tried to lift him up to her lap
He fetched a doll and began to clap.
[Sonu- also a child not much older than Kitty]

KITTY [6] PLAY

Kitty has a number of games
A playful child with ready laugh
He can teach even the neighbour James
or any elder reluctant or tough.

Even a morose man sitting in a corner
Can become Kitty's playtime partner
He is made an idol of god or a saint
to be pelted with flowers or sandal paint.

KITTY [7] TOY

A bucket full of babies' toys
Plenty for umpteen girls or boys
Is not enough for Kitty's energy
He is a normal child, not a prodigy

Yet he wants a human touch
Give him a paper boat or handmade pouch
He is proud to show them around
as if he had made them with his hand

KITTY [8] ELDERS

Sisters, uncles he can convert
into an elephant, a horse or a cart
Ride them with suitable commands
Many are child's modest demands.



Elephant or horse an aunty can never be
who wears a long cumbersome saree.

[saree- long Indian female dress]

Any of the elders around
Can be a merry –go-round

For kitty to climb a coconut tree
Tall and tough the uncle should be



Kitty will say 'boo'
Sawaal knows what to do
Pretend that she is afraid
A little game daily played.

I pray, no virus or germ
Even for a wee short term
touch Kitty and make him ailing.
Let kitties of the world be always smiling.

C98 [THE] COW

[The] cow gives milk
Its calf sucks milk
Man milks [the] cow
by hand as of now.



Milk from the cow
is white with a yellow
tinge to it when boiled
It is natural , not soiled.



Milk is the first
To be followed next
By curd, butter and ghee
Liked by Krishna , you and me.

Milkman with his milk can
or the local dairy's van
is there at dawn at my door
even if rain does pour.

Rain or shine cow gives milk
Except when the poor animal is sick

Milk from cow, goat or even camel
has brought up children well
all over the world and all along history.

Sans milk, what will kids do., a mystery.
Thanks to Nature the day has not come
extinct the bovine species will become

Thank God that day will never come
Ever to my village, town or home.

Like our ancestors have done for ages until now
I hope mankind will care for the cow



C99 MOON MISSING [*on a new moon day*]

Where is the moon? Moon is missing .
Sky police chasing the clouds which are
searching

He was already on the wane
Weak and slender like a cane
Did someone take him away
Or did he himself lose his way?

No one is aware
that the moon is not there
Why spread scare
let us find where
he can go and hide
Just wait for high tide .

We waited for a sight
Of moon with fear and fright
Whole day and a night
hoping come he might

Sure enough he came
but only a small slice
He said he wanted to hide his shame
Someone said slowly he will grow in size.

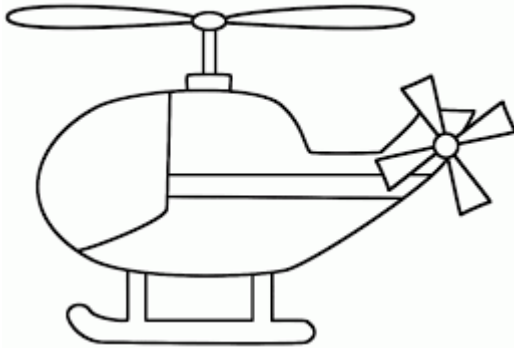
He was a big O
fourteen days ago
Now nothing: zero
He is not my hero .

While stars napped
The moon was kidnapped
Now a slice, looking sick
Will he recover quick?



C100 HELI IN OUR TOWN

[child talks to helicopter]:



Helicopter. See! Helicopter!
On its head is a rotor
Above, it goes round and round
Under, we can stand on the ground

Do not fear, it won't hit
It is above ten feet

Helicopter goes high and free
Much above the coconut tree
See below buses like toys
And uncles looking like boys

Thanks pilot uncle! You brought
Helicopter to this *tonga* town
Until you came who had thought
From the sky city can be shown

[*tonga*- horse drawn cart
tonga town- one-horse town]

Helicopter. Hey, Helicopter!
Every son and daughter
Rich enough and lucky to have got a ride
goes around with nose held high

We saw the palace from a height
Cost high but worth the trip done right
We touched through the window, the cloud
Jumped up inside and laughed aloud.

It is not an airplane. It is a helicopter
No stunt man can chase or drive after
Since it goes straight up with a bump
To follow it the stunt man has to jump.

It takes off vertical straight
Then perhaps left or right
Gets up and flies like a big bird
Once up only its sound is heard



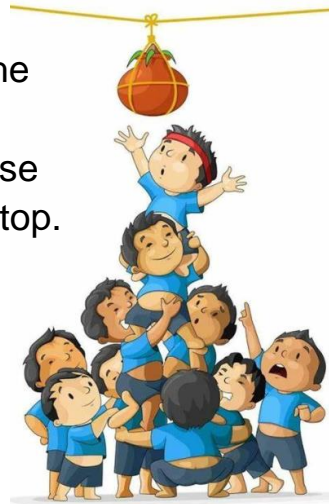
C101 DAHI HANDI- POT OF CURD, 2021

Lord Krishna's birthday in Mumbai or Pune
Is a gala public event, what more can I say?
Eve to midnight at home, pooja and eats;
Morning on the roads, *dahi handi* , drum beats.

A mud pot tied high at twenty feet
Beckoning the youth to try their lot
It is a pleasure to watch the feat
A human pyramid to reach the pot

Curd splashes when the pot
is broken with head or stone
By the mighty group of Maratha men,
a little boy on top
A small monetary reward for the
Combined skill shown
Shared by all and applause
all the way to the next stop.

Mirth and fun in the middle of
monsoon I used to get
Pouring rain, splashing curd,
all of us soaking wet
Bold band of pious pyramid
makers wet with sweat
All spoiled this year by the viral
global pandemic pest.





We sat under the high ceiling on this year's festival night

With unseen virus hanging around we were
ruining our ill-luck

Amidst black clouds and thunder suddenly it was
dark, no light

The single ceiling bulb must have conked and
we were stuck.

Sonu, Sawaal and their juvenile friends got up
“Uncle! Don’t worry. We are short but we will try
Soon a pyramid of ten pairs of tiny feet , was
built up

changed the electric bulb at fifteen feet high.

The eldest of the group said

“It is Krishna’s grace.

Our serving him each year

today came in handy

Not to hit break or splash;

but to gently replace

the bulb and also our lost hope

to feel delightfully dandy.

I said:

These children are our hope for the future
to carry forward our tradition and culture.

They will soon surmount the spreading virus .

They seem to be better and smarter than us.

[pooja-ritual prayer; eve- evening

Maratha men- people of Maharashtra, India

pandemic pest- covid virus, year 2022 C.E

Krishna- one of Vishnu’s avatars- mythology]

C102 IF YOU ARE ALICE - PERSONAL POEM

I

Who are you? What is your name?

Is it ALICE?

Even if you are Alice

You might not have gone

To the wonderland .

True, no Alice or none

To wonderland had gone.

But if you are Alice

And made of sugar and spice

And your space though small in size

You can make a wonderland

Around you, joyful and nice.





Who are you? What is your name? Is it JACK?
 Even if you are Jack
 You may not be able to walk
 Or climb up a bean stalk.

True, no Jack or none

Up to the sky had gone.

But if you are Jack
 And have gardening knack,
 Though small your yard at the back
 You can make a plentiful patch
 And listen to peas and beans talk.



III

Who are you? What is your name? Is it JILL?
Even if you are Jill
You may not have gone
Up any small hill.
True, no Jill or none
Down the hill tumbled down.



But if you are Jill
And made of strong will
You can gather girls of grit and skill
And hike up the Himalayas, why a hill?



IV

Who are you? What is your name? Is it JOHNY?

Even if you are Johnny

Have you asked the rain

To go now , only to come again.

True, no Johnny or none

thought , rain to them will listen

But if you are Johnny

And daring, jovial and jolly,

With pals ,can go to the ghats and Khandala

While it pours , in the thick of pavsala.



V

Who are you? What is your name?

Is it MARY?

Even if you are Mary

Were you contrary

Or had a pet, meek and hairy?



True, no Mary or none

Will let a pet come to school for fun .

But if you are Mary,

Kind, compassionate, caring,

You can care for people

In pain or animals cute

Any living being

Suffering or destitute.





VI

Who are you? What is your name?

Is it **NOBODY?**

Even if you are nobody

And want to be somebody

Do people blame you for all malady?

True, nobody or none

Will do any damage for fun.

But, if you are Mr.Nobody

And can work with Mr. Anybody

You can show the world

That the two of you

Can do what

anybody or nobody can do.

[notes: Khandala – hilly place near Pune, Maharashtra- pavsala - monsoon [Marathi] [references are made: ALICE IN WONDERLAND , JACK AND THE BEAN STALK, JACK AND JILL WENT UP THE HILL., RAIN RAIN GO AWAY, MARY HAD A LITTLE LAMB, a famous poem]

C103 LOCK-DOWN SOUND

When everything is silent and still
even a whisper can be heard
During the lock-down a very shrill
sound seems like wanton or weird.

During the lock-down and all kinds of restrain
A shrill sound heard somewhere in the wild?
Running feet, loud laughter, or cry of pain
How will you control a cute little child?

It is nice to have children next door
I do not feel lonely wretched any more
Lonely it was when my arthritic feet moved in.
More so now that I am home-bound , locked in.

I am not averse or new to children's noise;
My old house was full of their voice.
Many children were there from nearby houses
Learning Maths and English were just excuses
They used to troop in and wait for toffee
And bun and milk when I had my coffee.

The lock-down scare thanks to the virus
restrained young and old, all of us.
All my activities had to stop
I moved out closing my shop.
Now this house with sound of children
Though not here, but near, is heaven.

C104 OUR TOWN, that is



Far away the railway station
Nearby our police station
Dozens of churches, temples , mosques
Why need so many, no one asks

We have to walk with care
Never anywhere stand and stare
Everyone is in a hurry
Faces full of worry



Nothing is free
in this small city
except in the hill temple once
in a year by a generous devotee
perhaps in mosque and church
I never went in search



To enter any house I won't dare
See a board 'DOG BEWARE'
I can see your flat
But I can't go in
Security at the gate
A book I have to sign

What in my village was rare
here they are everywhere
Ice-cream, burger, cake, pizza
or just idly, dosa, vada

Hotels and roadside eateries
Hospitals and dispensaries
Schools colleges abound
with library and playground

For anything I want to buy
there is a shop nearby

So many lawyers and police
There must be lot of fight and vice
But my colony is colourful
At home elders are cheerful

"Hello, kid! How are you?"
In English , Telugu or Urdu
The town has variety
of nice people plenty.
I can like this place too
If I can be friends with you.

C105 OUR VILLAGE , that was



Far away a hill
Nearby a rice mill
In between are seen
Temple with a tower
Mosque with a speaker
Church with a big bell
From here I can tell



Canals for rice fields
For *pongal*'s rich yields
For bathing washing a place common
Except an enclosure for women
You see on canals or tanks
or on the river banks
From a tree by the river
See me jump, an ace diver.

Felled from tamarind tree in the spring
the raw fruit has a sharp sour sting.
We target mango tree in May
Raw or ripe it is pure glee and gay.

All the primary classes in one hall
One teacher for students all.
If it is hot all under the banyan
Learning was fun , no burden.
No school if it rains
Instead paper boat in the drains.
If children are thirsty
anywhere buttermilk was free.

Village is heaven
for anyone under ten
Asks an uncle whom I do not know
“Are you the grandson of so-and so?”
A pat on my back
On my hand a snack
This uncle is a child’s friend
Like any other villager you can find.

[inspired by GPRajaratnam’s poem in the book
‘Kannada Kaavya Maale’ p 197]
[pongal- sankranti harvest festival]

C106 SAND AND ART

We have come to the sea-shore
Other than waves there is more
See the expanse of beach and sand
lying between water and hard land.

Neither rock or mud; this is smooth sand
pouring out of my fingers and porous hand
Building with this can only be
pyramid like mound or hill
Add water and mix; now see!
Imagine and make what you will

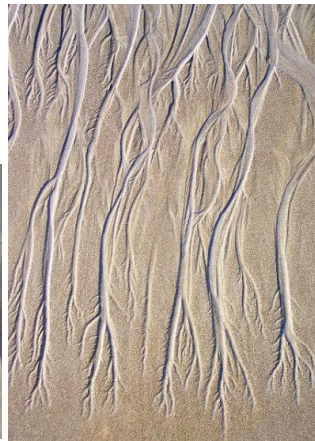
A mountain range, castle, or fort
Road, playground , tennis court
A temple with towers
A mosque with minars
A church with a big bell
A vihara with a vast hall
[tower- gopura hinduism
minar- steeple islam
vihara- hall Buddhism]

Beach has lots of sand
Art is hiding in your hand
Go children go and build
Be sure; be strong-willed

Find a place like a pool
Water shallow and cool
Only knee-deep water here
So children walk in do not fear

Draw smilies on the wet sand
Let waves come in and erase
Draw again with a stick or hand
Slightly away , let the waves chase

Throw a stick or a big ball
Into the water that goes away
“Bring back my ball,” you call
See waves with bent head , obey.



The sea is no less
Its patterns are countless

C107 THUNDER IN MYSORE

Sudden heavy rain
In April in Mysore
Cooling down is fine
after hot days, sure.



But what happens now?
Lightning and thunder..pow!
No power, no TV, yes
No worry; you have UPS.

There are houses on rent
The owners have UPS, but
They do not provide to tenant
that or any extra benefit.

If thunder and rain
happen to come again
We have candles ; we have hand fan;
We will manage as much as we can.

Tenant's children we are ;
We should not grudge
the gadgets our owners have;
We do not have a fridge.

Nor any appliances that need UPS;
But we have something sweet and nice
Owner's children with us happily play
And partake of our mummy's *potato pohe*.

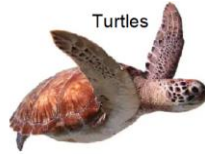
[UPS- uninterrupted power supply- A stand-by facility]

[partake = share , sorry for hard word in a child poem
potato pohe. - simple snack of pounded rice]



C108 TWO OF A KIND

There are
Turtles and tortoises
Alligators and crocodiles
Cheetahs and leopards
Rabbits and hares
Bisons and buffalos
Sheep and goats
Herons and egrets
Doves and pigeons
Kites and vultures



Turtles



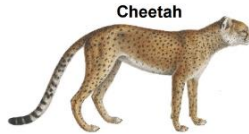
Tortoises



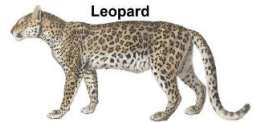
Alligator



crocodile



Cheetah



Leopard



RABBIT



HARE



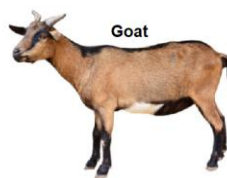
Bison



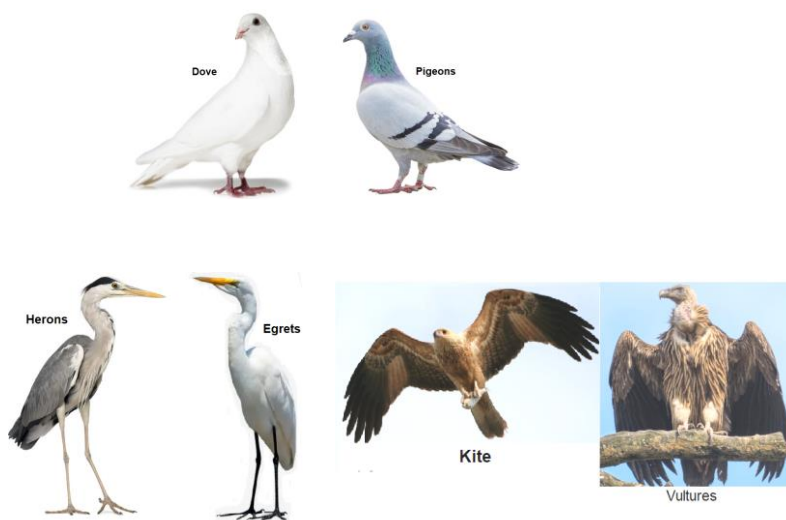
Buffalo



Sheep



Goat



For children it does not matter
If something is called this or that

Scientists and linguists gang up
To torment a sincere student
They have this hang up
That difference should be evident

Take the grammarian out in the wild
See the senior don become a child
He will ask you
Which is a duck and which is a coot
seeing through a binocular to boot.

Let children observe and learn
Let us not burden their brain

C109 FLYING KISSES are floating around

A flying kiss is a f l..ee..ting fantasy

A FLYING KISS is just imagined by the sender
and the hopeful receiver

Unlike a spoken sound or a soft whistle
it does not even produce a pattern of
disturbance in the air

A FLYING KISS is like

A telephonic assurance in a govt. office.

No concrete action will take place
unless it is followed by a hard copy.

It is just a fleeting fantasy.

A FLYING KISS is like

Promises made in a political speech.

No progress will take place

Unless passed on to adm. depts..

It is just a fleeting fantasy

A FLYING KISS is like

Proposed project in a science lab.

No results can be reported

Unless equipment and facilities are made
available.

It is just a fleeting fantasy

We all dream and fantasize and
Flying kisses are floating around.

But

Coming from a child , a flying kiss
Is innocent love and pure bliss

[govt.-government

Admm. Dept. Administrative department

Bliss- happiness , sorry for big word]

[meanings are perhaps beyond children- adults please
forgive and explain if possible]



C110 BABA OR BABY

Baba or baby? It is an innocent query
For boy or girl if asked by strangers
The same query is a source of worry
If ma-in-law asks; beware of dangers

Garment sellers know
Which to name how
Baba suit is usually blue
Baby suit is pink or bright hue

Toddlers try to walk a few steps ; topple and fall
They also try to talk sounds like a rolling ball
Toddlers are babblers too
Soon they learn to run
But speaking is no fun
Because
Nature nicely teaches ambulation
Grammarian demands pronunciation

[Ambulation is the ability to walk without the need for any kind of assistance]



C111 LIFE-SKILLS [1]

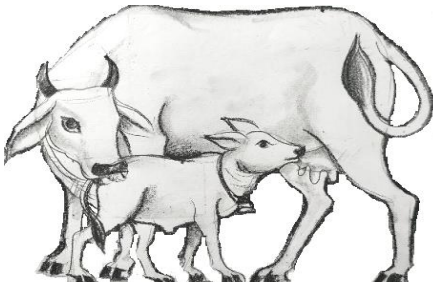
Children are God's gift
Children are God's gift to the mothers
Children are God's gift also to all the others

Children are born with a gift
Children are born- with a gift of in-born skills

God made the child ... a born sucker
Since He is a great caterer
He who made the cream or soup
Should serve with a spoon or scoop



The cow is a mother – a mammal
The calf is her child- a sucker



Species living in the wild
starts to walk even as a child.
The Maker knows what gifts to give
to the product to be useful and live.

C112 LIFE-SKILLS [2]

In-born skills the child need not learn
Nature had given them as they are born.

Young ones of mammals
need not learn - to suck
Young ones of layers of eggs
need not learn - to peck
Young ones of felines
need not learn - to lick
Young ones of reptiles
need not learn - to swallow
Suck, peck, lick or swallow
Are survival skills –others follow.

Survival skills are in-born and in-built
Special skills are shown and learnt.
Anatomy has a role to play
Physiology shows the way
to infant's physical development
Group life and social structure
Lead to learning and culture
In adult's mental improvement.

*[Anatomy, Physiology – sorry for jargon- adults please
excuse and explain]*

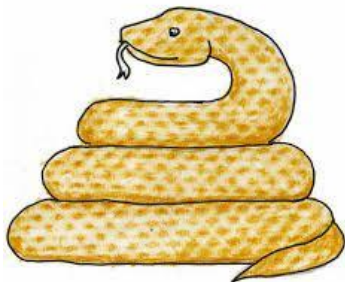
LAYER of eggs –bird- doer noun]



Cat licking milk



Dog drinking water



C113 NO IRON HAND PLEASE

Controlling may be customary
But it is coarse and violent
Disciplining may be temporary
It can be mild and decent.

Self-control and self-discipline
seem to be the same
words which lend themselves
to a word game
One is for a situation acute
When one ought to be resolute
The other is for all cases chronic
Cultivating a habit cannot be quick.

Teach, train, discipline, coach
Try together to perform
Prohibit, curb, control, reproach
All negative no way to reform,

Can a controller be a coach or guide?
Legal clauses can control or ban
Can a rapist have a lover or bride?
Social causes need no iron hand.

Hope my grammar lines reach
Those who have chances to teach
Social or legal laws and rules
I think, are tormentor's tools.

C114 REPLICA

[with apologies to William Wordsworth]

Child is the father
in mini form. Further
days and events can
show him as a man.

If he looks exactly the same
texture and colour of skin
as the shining seeds of sesame
he got them from you or from kin.

If he mutters swear words in a row
it is time you the father must know
He doesn't mean anything but states
what you freely exchange with your mates.

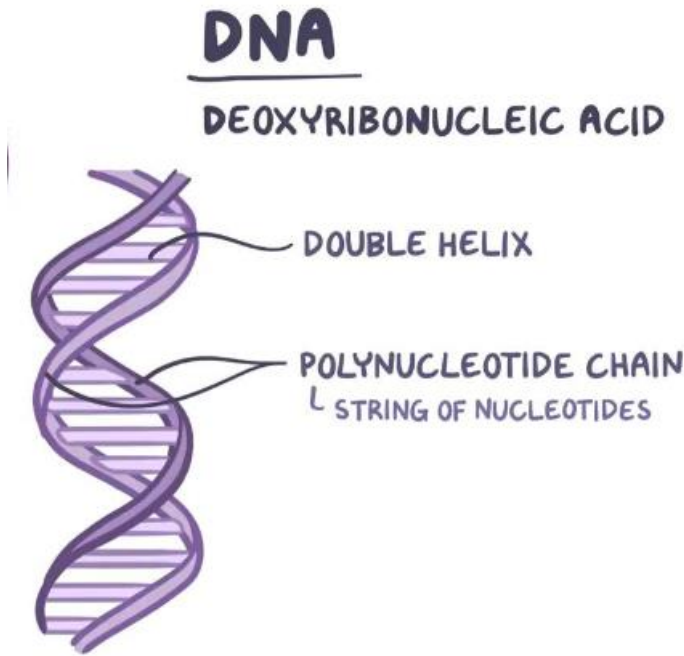
Child is the father in mini form
Even when being served wait
he cannot. Just the opposite of calm
From where did he get this trait ?
No prize for guessing right .



He pretends to walk with tottering steps
mumbling profane phrases against mother
Your son is the mirror that helps
to show whose habit; you, none other.

Child is the father of the man , thus wrote
about future of one's life, the great poet.
Even now your child of age four
is the replica of father who was born before

[the original poem: the rainbow]



C115 SLEEPING BEAUTY [1]

Fairy tale's beauty slept
No one knows for how long
Since no diary was kept .
We know only the poem and the song .

But changes were profound
When she casually looked around.

Plants had become trees
Swaying gently in the breeze

Babies had become ladies and men
Chicks had become cocks and hen

Kids had become goats, sheep
Climbing easily hills steep

Puppies had become curs , mongrel
Standing at the gate as sentinel

Grandma had become double bent
pushing a walker as she went

Mom's hair had become white as lily.
But she was seen laughing heartily

Dad's head had become smooth and shiny
At the nape a few stray tufts, tiny.

Anything that can grow had fully grown.
But our girl could fit into her old gown.

Fairy tales are read for fun
There may be a moral or none.

SLEEPING BEAUTY [2]

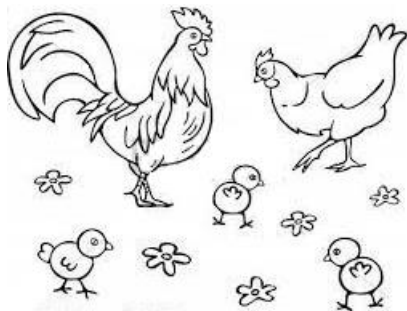
I read this poem where scientists met
I thought bad eggs and brick bats I'll get.

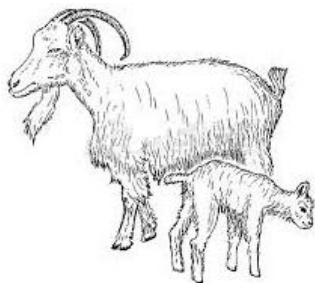
A senior said:

You have said nothing new
This poem just states
What we scientists always knew
"Sleep rejuvenates"

I say:

Scientists live in their own sphere
Even if the greatest joke they hear
They could not laugh from the heart
Science and humour are poles apart.





C116 VERBAL CHAT

[dictionary poem for students]

[1, intimate / 2 inform/ 3 confirm/ 4 express/
5 communicate/ 6 broadcast/ 7 tell/ 8 relate /
9 instruct / 10 hint / 11 announce/ 12 declare /
13 suggest / 14 speak / 15 chat /
Educate, appraise, air, say, notify,]

You will see, if you are observant and astute
All synonyms are not , to one another, substitute.

If you consider me a soul mate
close personal details
I can **intimate** to you.

I have to **inform** formally the following:
By this I **confirm**
our project is firm.

/ **express** my opinion
that the matter is urgent.

We must **communicate**
not only with each other
but also with the community.

I want this message to be spread
near and far and even abroad
So, please **broadcast**.

I don't want to yell at you
I just want to **tell** you.

Please **relate** the full story
before it is too late,.

In a structured way
I would like to say/
I can **instruct**
an essay to construct.

In simple words just **announce**
without any words tough to pronounce.

To the world I shall **declare**
so, one and all will be aware

Since I am a guest
I can only **suggest**.

Why does my throat squeak?
I had too much to **speak**.

No topic, no aim
just passing time
Talk of this and that
just sit and **chat**.

You will see, if you are observant and astute
All synonyms are not, to one another, substitute.
Each word has its own meaning and intent
depending on the context and content.

*[Too high for a child –elders please explain the gist
Synonyms and antonyms , can be found in a thesaurus]*

C117 BABY CRYING

BABY CRYING loudly
Only yesterday proudly
announced the mother
“Like my baby no other
Can be seen with a smile
No crying even for a while.”



Such a baby crying
All neighbours saying
“Must be hungry poor child!
Another mindless mom could you find?”
At last, mom came running
With a feeding bottle and napkin.



She said:
Oh! Here you are in the lawn!
I looked for you how long!
So saying mom looked.
The scene made everyone shocked.

Dog with her puppies with bun and bread
Cat with her kitten with cheese half eaten
Rabbit with her bunnies with carrots tender
Squirrel with kids with nuts cracked open
Sheep with her lambs with tenderest twigs
Cow with her calf with greenest grass
Horse with her colts with a sheaf of oats
All friends of Munni

a sample out of so many
All eager to be of use
With any food to choose

All kind- hearted souls
came to their friend who howls
due to hunger at the gate
They brought what they ate.

Feeding bottle into the mouth gone
All saw happy sucking baby
Mom called the maid to the lawn
All got sweets *laddu and jangri*



Baby in her own tongue said :
Thank all friends for coming
Each said “It was our *farz*’
in each one’s custom and grooming

[note; farz- duty – urdu

Laddu, jangri- sweets]

[elders please explain species and what the babies are called]

C118 PEDIATRIC EMERGENCY

In your hands your tiny tots:
Peals of laughter like pistol shots;
Sudden silence. Are they silently weeping?
No, serene faces show soundly sleeping

Oh, mothers! You are lucky women.
At least a few years in your life
You find yourself in the heaven
of innocence, happiness. No strife.

So I thought my dear friends!
Until I saw a signboard
In letters big and bold
Paediatric Emergency Clinic
For help to children real quick;
What modern medical trends!

In there is the sorry tale
I abhor to tell in detail.
Many children silently weeping
Some exhausted and sleeping
Some wildly kicking and crying
Some sagging, almost dying.

Shawls, mufflers, monkey caps, rugs
Even in this tropical city's heat
Children infected by germs and bugs
How ruthless cowardly and effete!

Pathogens' nature is to suck blood.
How about my specialist MD?
Four figure fee for just entry
More if diagnosed with dysentery.

Much more I learn when I join the queue
Mothers carry the sick child but men
go in search of money. An avenue
comes in the shape of middle-men.

They for a fee get instant loan
For a month, interest unknown
No time or mood to see another avenue
Men agree and rejoin the queue

The money lender claims his is a service
The MD is above any comment or advice
The young parents of the child are happy
if the baby is free of frequent change of nappy.

Grandma would have given cumin
And waited before concocting a potion;
Today's parents consider it a sin
Not to give their best attention.

I, an octogenarian onlooker
of the paediatric drama being played
called my grandchild and took her
by hand to the temple and prayed

I prayed : “ God! Let this child not need
Medical emergency or any clinic indeed”
The child wondered how this atheist
today bows down to God and priest.

*{ note: the author is a great admirer of the selfless
service being rendered by all the doctors and medical
professionals. This poem is a gut reaction to one-time
one-place one-case event}*

[hard words for a children’s book – elders pl. Excuse]



C119 SHARE SPECIAL TREATS

Her name is Gow. She is a cow.
Cows like to chew green grass I knew,
I gave her a banana See her happiness, anna!
To cow give banana

[anna- elder brother, with affection, respect]

His name is Mars He is a horse.
Horses like to chew a small gram I knew.
I gave him an apple With teeth he grappled
Same with jaggery or sugar
See akka! His eyes become bigger.

[akka- elder sister, with affection, respect]

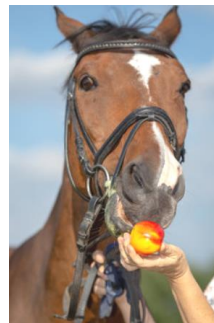
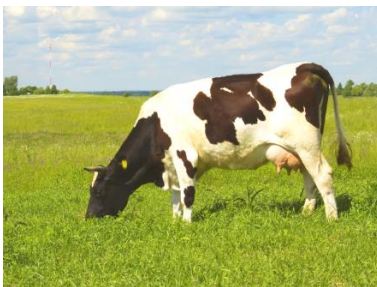
Her name is Rani She is one of the many
dogs in our street a stranger they greet
with a friendly bark except in the hours dark.
Dogs like to chew hard bones I knew.
I gave her a soft bun she came on the run,
She kisses my hand, wags her tail
Dogs of any land are heroes of folk tale.

Her name is Patty She is a cute catty.
Cats love to slurp milk and even burp.
I gave her a piece of cheese
She said, give me more please.
Hear her purrs buddy! Cats can be
cuddly.

His name is Sevak. He is a chipmunk.
I know squirrels like to crack
nuts like we bite on a snack.
But when I left a piece of rusk
at the edge of veranda desk
Sevak came down hopping stealthily
From his forepaws ate the piece happily.

Everyone likes to have one's staple food .
Occasional treats are nice , more good .
Let the child share her special treat
With others and see both feeling great

[**squirrel** is also called chipmunk]



C120 UGADI

Children!

Today is *ugadi* day
Start of new year in this
and many other parts of India.

Look up and see
Many trees have flowers.
Carefully observe the neem tree
Such a big tree but
Tiny white bunches of flowers
Hiding among leaves
Old leaves dark green
New ones light green or even brown

Grandma says :

Eat neem flowers and jaggery
Together, smiling, voluntarily
One sweet, another bitter
Learn to accept both together
Perhaps possible events of the coming year.

Ayurved uncle says :

Neem is medicine
Chew, eat if you can
Or just swallow
Tender leaves and flowers.

Grandma tells you
What her grandma had told her
Ayurved says it is true

Its taste may be strong
But it makes persons strong
Its taste may be bitter
But it makes patients better

[ugadi- new year day as per lunar calendar in many parts of India- may have different names- this word is popular in Kar nataka

Ayurved- ancient , even now popular ,Indian system of medicine]

The botanical name of Neem is *Azadirachta indica*



C121 JOKER ON THE STAGE

A joker comes on the stage
All children laugh
The joker is funny , because his face is ?
No, children
Faces are many, no face is funny.

The joker is funny
Because he makes a funny face.
The make-up on his funny face
Makes his antics more funny.
His face and talk
His movements and walk
Make children laugh.

Yes, children!
We are what we are.
Our faces are ours.
But we are all the same
The joker too is human.
But all of us funny face or not
Can laugh
And make others laugh.

Children! I hope you learnt :
Do not laugh

Or make fun of
The joker or anyone
For his funny face
Or for what he **IS**
But we can
Laugh
Enjoy , encourage, clap
For the joker or anyone
For what he **DOES**

[Though serious we thought children can be told this]



C122 IT STARTS AT THREE

If you want to kick a ball
Or play any physical game at all
In the outside world wild
With my cute little child
Please do hurry
Soon he will be three

Soon he will be on his own
As if he would like to be alone
Any outdoor game he would give a miss
But your smart phone will be his .

Want to play hide and seek ?
Do it soon, double quick
Ball catch and throw?
Quick start it now
Please do hurry
Soon he will be three

A child more than three years old
Does not like to be told
To play with dolls or toys
Or with other boys
He may like to play with your phone, not you
He will show things you, the owner, never knew

If you want to give a gift
 Toy , picture, book new or used
Let your action be quick and swift
 Since you want the child to be amused
Please do hurry
Soon he will be three

Just now he does not know
The definition of a gift or toy
He is just a bouncy two year old boy

A spoon and a plate
Have become of late
Tools to make as much noise
As any of your expensive toys
The noise maker is none
Other than my son
Please do hurry
Soon he will be three

For after three
He won't be
A bouncing boy any more
He had seen boys born before
Hide your little smart device
For which he has eyes

Well wishers please hurry
my little son soon will be three
for it starts at three

[age etc. given here are for poetic effect- not based on
any science,, psychology or statistics]



C123 JAI, AJAY, VIJAY

Two boys' first time meeting ;
After 'Good morning' greeting
The duo asked each other :
"What is your name, brother?"

One said, "I am Ajay"
The other said, "I am Vijay"
Both the boys exclaimed together
"We are birds of the same feather"

I butted in:
"Are you two not opposites?
Antonym is the word that fits
Like *dharma* and *adharma*
Like political and apolitical

We were joined by another boy
Who said his name was just Jai.
We can make a trio.
Sonu asked, "How so?"

Sawaal said ,
Jai means as you know, victory or win
Vijay is the one who will win over anyone.
Ajay could be won over by none or no one.
Now tell, are not they the same?
Three variants, one name.

I put in my word:

We hope these three don't join a contest

Judges will wonder whom to call the best.

[dharma, adharma - Sanskrit words common in other Indian languages also.

Jai, Vijay, Ajay – first names for male

Antonym- grammar term- word opposite in meaning

Synonym- words same or nearly the same in meaning

Sonu –younger inquisitive girl.

Sawaal – the elder one]

C124 SPIDERMAN IN 2020 CE

Who is spiderman?
Is he the one created
by comic strips
and made into a popular hero?
Is he the true spiderman?
Yes, in the fantasy world of children.

Is he the losing king in folktale?
The one who was put in jail
Saw a spider trying
To knit its web tirelessly
In spite of repeated failures?
His [the spider's] final attempt
resulted in success
His [the king's] next attempt
gave him victory
Or not, we won't know for a fact
Folk artistes, historians, moral story writers
Want children to believe he did.



The super spiderman of comics amazes us.
Folklore's king, history's spiderman awakes us.

In my mind's eye
I see a new one
Not yet a comic strip
But soon may be done
The modern day spiderman
in my imagination
is the one who conceived
some strands to trace
some strings to hang on
in the great labyrinth of data
scattered all around

He is the one who said
Let us make a web,
a world-wide-web.
If you are a searcher,
like a spider you can
follow strings and trends
and reach your prey,
the target id.

One spiderman started the internet
Now all softwarers are spiders
Everyone thinks that he would get
The benefit of the efforts of
Every browser, user, you and me .

[*sorry for a serious subject in a chid poem*]

C125 GROWING UP

Sonu! What is this you have done?

No size, no shape, nothing good

Sawaal! Don't you see a big one ?

It is an elephant eating its food.

Children scribble we can call it doodles

If asked, Sonu will say, it is cooked noodles

Random lines you think are drawn by children

Do not loudly laugh. Never make fun.

See the artist in the child hiding inside

Broken stones reveal a sculptor or mason

Walking stick used as a horse to ride

Shows a future jockey or sports person

My professor uncle saw this piece

And said: well done, my dear niece

Watch and write in your diary

What else the child does daily.

I saw, noted and was truly confused

As to what kind of a career pursued

By this girl in her life? Manager, actor

or what else shown by her character.

Professor uncle saw and said: "Good.

What you saw any mother could

have told you ; a child learns by doing

All you saw were aspects of growing"

C126 DECISION OR DILEMMA

Teens talk:

Do we have a choice
To choose what kind of joys
Of trips or treats we can get?
No, our mind and movements are set
by what elders around give
Since we are children, we live
Thanks to their love and care.
So, when we grow up, do we dare
to argue, ask for or raise our voice
in the name of freedom of choice?

Professor uncle says:

This question is at the root
of the dilemma of the youth
Add religion and status to boot
Dilemma leads to matters uncouth.

He advises the elders :

The elders who have never wavered
And rode the straight road of the old
Say about the sweet things they savoured
Goading the youth to go as they are told.

The elders may say:

If Rome is the destined home
Any old road will reach you there
Then why deviate, wander and roam
From the path where co-travellers care?

The youth may ask

We don't know about Rome or home
Roaming is more fun than riding on a rut

The old must say

Then, go forth, prodigal son, roam.
When you return, remember,
Our doors were never shut.

[Children please excuse – big topics in a child book]

[all roads lead to rome – a popular quote]

INDEX [BACK TO SCHOOL]
C91 TO C126

AC room c95	Nursery rhymes c102
Age c92	Orphanage c91
Animals	
c108,c111,c112,c115,	Paediatry c118
c117,c119	Pyramid, human c101
Antonym c123	Replica c114
Child labour c91	Rome c126
Control c113	Sand c106
Cow c 98	School c91
Crying baby c117	Scientists c115
Culture c92	Skills c111, c112
<i>Dahi handi</i> c101	Sleeping beauty c115
	Smart phone c112
Dictionary c116	
Discipline c113	Software c124
DNA c114	Spiderman c124
Father c96	Thunder c107
Grammar c97	Thesaurus C116
Helicopter c100	Town, our c104
Joker c121	Toys c93,c94
Kiss c109	
Kitty c97	Ugadi c120
Lock-down c103	Village, our c105
	Wheelies c92
Moon c99	Windows c95
Mysore c107	
Neem c120	

