

LANGUAGE IN INDIA

Strength for Today and Bright Hope for Tomorrow

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Popcorn and Other Poems

Selvi Bunce



Senses by Selvi Bunce

Oink, hiss, moo, honk are the sounds of an Indian street
And even though you try you just can't seem to find a beat

Bread, dosa, coconut, chilies are the smells of an Indian street
Everywhere you look there are so many good things to eat

Children, elephants, cows, garbage are the sights of an Indian street

No matter where you go there's always mystery!



Big Blue Driving Hood by Selvi Bunce

Well, at first I didn't know what to write for my short story, but then it came to me, like a bolt of bright white lightning on a perfect summer day, though it is very short. The End.

Wait I have an idea! There once was a little girl named Little Red Riding Hood, oh wait that's already taken. Ok now I got it. Let's just start from the beginning. Once upon a time there was a kind-of-little girl named Big Blue Driving Hood. She was a very mischievous big blue driving hood and she loved to get into trouble, and not just any kind of trouble, it was the kind of trouble whereof she saw an American flag she would have colored it purple and orange. Now big blue driving hood had a problem, she hated and I do mean hated people (and animals) with the name Tiyamooapatropalishkichboom (pronounced Tee-ah-moop-a-trop-a-lish-kish-boom).

Now I know what you're thinking, when was the last time you saw someone with "that" name? Well, unfortunately for big blue driving hood, she knew a whole two and a half people with that name. These two and a half people were very important to her. They were the big fat menacing guinea pig that she passed every day on her way to her twice removed grandpas house and her.....MOTHER! Yes, yes you're right I did mention a half somewhere in the past but that's just because the mother is pregnant and the guinea pig has six feet and two heads. (Cute, right?)

By now it's the time of day where she has to do the most despicable and disgusting job in the world. She has to walk down her thirty foot clear cement driveway, cross the street, pay eight dollars at the toll booth, parasail over the creek and walk all the way up her twice removed grandpas four foot newly paved driveway. She is now finished parasailing and is confronting the guinea pig. She doesn't know what to do, so she does what all of us humans would have down in this type of situation; she slaps him across the face. But then to her surprise, he stands up on his three hind legs and slaps her right back! So what does she do? She slaps him right back repeating, "Oh no you didn't." This carried on for the next 3.14 minutes until finally Big Blue Driving Hood faked a right side slap so he ducked and she leaped straight over the top of his two heads. Then she ran away with the taste of success in her throat as she walked up her twice removed grandpas four foot driveway to find out that her twice removed uncle's wife had just had a daughter and named her Tiyamooapatropalishkichboom the second.

Tuesdays by Selvi Bunce

tuesday is purple because at least it's not blue like monday
purple is the blue of Monday, sadeness coming closer to the friday yellow
gladness
tuesday feels like velvet, fuzzy and almost as perfect as silk
tuesday sounds like milk dripping slowly into a glass ready for you to sup
it smells like the wood of pencil shavings getting set into the week
it has the taste of sunflower seeds, salty but yet so meek
all in all tuesdays not so bad, and sometimes it can make me quite glad

Ode to Popcorn by Selvi Bunce

Pop, pop, pop is the sound you make
As you grow large in my microwave
In my microwave
I see the butter drip down your sides
And I can already taste
Your scrumptiousness in my mind
The corn is popping with such a beat
I could start tapping my feet
As I open your bag a burst of flavor
Hits me with the smell that
I most favor
But right now I am only thinking of this
Because it is something I will miss
And oh,
If only could see those
White and yellow faces
But it cannot be
Because I have
Braces

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