

A Girl of Two Unalike

Friday, September 29, 2017 2:45 PM

I am a girl of 2
2/2 = 1
That's me
What
Would be
The probability
Imaginary pair
Integers
Opposites
Screaming eyes
Hearts of lies
Tears to cry
Words to speak:
Hold them in
Hold it back
Wrap it up
and gift it

Away

One day
To someone
Who never
Knew
The real
Too real
You

Because 1+1
Doesn't always equal
2
Happy endings
For the people who hug
love
For my life there needs
To be a
Sequel
Unfair to put me
Between
You
A life I didn't

Choose
A life like
A sad poem
Oh right
I guess now it is

-Stefanie Chiguluri

Just A Friend

Thursday, January 4, 2018 2:48 PM

Dear Friend,
If only I could call you more than that
Calling a glistening ruby red apple
Just that: an apple
Coated in a sugary sweet glaze
That, my friend, is more than just an apple.
Calling a delicate legged and gloriously pink feather coated bird
A bird
No that, my friend, is a flamingo.

And you, you are more than a friend,
But you won't know that until I have already climbed Mt. Everest
Trekking that fatal journey, to
Surrender my white flag of a guilty and pure love at its peak.
And when I climb back down I am liberated,
But you are still lost in the sewage systems of
Paris: City of light; city of love.

Dear Friend,
I will find you someday,
But your eyes will wander past the ghost
Of my existence
Laser glare that strikes straight beyond
A point, staring into the uncertainty in the distance
But I am certain
That you were never just a friend

To me.
You are the sweet sticky crunch of the caramel apple.
The vibrant pink flamingo in all its awe.
Not just an apple, a bird, or a friend.
More.
But I was never the same to you,
Until you can untangle your feelings like those
Stupid headphones you thought you left perfect
Somehow they always end up in this same jumbled
Mess!

Dear Self,
You will always be the diamond

Hidden behind the dark cave walls
Stalagmite, stalactite, drip dripping in their formations
Not as beautiful as your precious shine.
The north star in Antarctica
A hidden brightness
The moon in a lunar
eclipse outshined by the sun
Just a friend: noun. /frend/ more special when it isn't there.

-Stefanie Chiguluri

Rejection

Friday, September 29, 2017 2:55 PM

"I don't want to reject my perfect girl"
So why did you?
How about...
Your number one choice of school
Reject it.
How about...
That domino's pizza you so craved
Reject that too.
You can call her smart and pretty
The meticulous CGI of a brilliantly thought out
Cinematic experience
Not just your average movie
So what's Missing?
Go on reject that question too!

You wrote a perfect song for someone else
But she never sand along
She may have been more sexy
Curves of a parabola
Beautiful lips to kiss
Keys to your curiously locked heart
But out of them only spilled venom
And now you just sit there rejecting
That she left you
And you rejected that thought for a while

"the perfect girl"
You like that you can make her laugh
Pull the tips of her blossom lips
To the sides of those pearly pink cheeks
But hey, I guess those giggles aren't only meant for her
Cause you rejected those giggles
Though you tried so hard not to

Your emotions an alarm
With an alarm for itself ready to awaken
And now that you might have woken them up
You've already rejected them too.

And you thought about how you rejected her
"your perfect girl"
And you thought maybe now that there's been some time
Tick tock tick tock
It would work,
But tick tock tick
She might just reject you back.

Goodbye

Sunday, January 7, 2018 4:32 PM

Today I say goodbye, goodBYE, GOODBYE!
When will I see you again?
How will we ever make this work?
Will it?
No...
I can't stay there that late
Too late
Finding the problems not the solutions
Mosquitos not butterflies
You waited too long
Each day without even a wandering
Thought
About me and how
I would maybe get to see you
The nights alone we cherished together
Firmly telling me to fold my clothes
Words that used to bite
A little pest always nagging at me
But now
They just say goodbye too

If only
You lived thirty minutes closer
One trip to the mall closer
One trip to the movies closer
One less goodbye closer
Bothered to think what would happen?
Said something, SOMething, SOMETHING!
Before you couldn't say... (anything)
Now stuck apart
Lightning and thunder
Earth and the moon
By the way
I love you to the moon and back
And the few nights together
I will only be able to say goodnight.
So goodbye.

-Stefanie Chiguluri

The Education System

Wednesday, January 10, 2018 2:10 PM

Hello, good morning class
I am here to teach you a lesson:
That the private education system is
BROKEN.
How about we start with history.
Women were the kitty cats
Not the big dogs
Smart dogs
Good boy... dogs
But 20th century and suddenly
Its discovered that we have the ability
To learn too
Schools were really zebras missing their stripes
There was black
And, there was white.
And here we are now today
Still broken

So let's get into math
X is always less than y
Solve the equation and you get
Y is the white population of students
And X is very likely not the person sitting next to you
In a school assembly
And if X is next to you
The probability that they are next to 2 Y's is nearly 100%
And by the way a 4.0
Is 100% more achievable
If someone's parents can afford the 4.0
And someone else's can only
Afford at most a 3.5

Science

An experiment trying to reach a hypothesis
Two girls go to bed at the same time
But one has to wake up the next morning at 5:45
And the other at 7.
Both have the same 8 am test

Who do you predict will do better?!
Two girls have the same school day
But one has sports
Or other extracurricular
Can't study for the same test until 10 o'clock
Who do you predict will do better?!
And there are so many
More microscopic variations that involve
Some more investigating
But those chemical identities are hidden away
Because they try to keep up with the rest so
Your hypothesis doesn't need to exist.
And even if it does, it probably goes something more along the lines of:
why doesn't this girl study enough?

Language
Of expression is discouraged
You can't say things like this or that
Because it will ruin the clean reputation
Of perfect little angels you expect us to be
But sometimes people had a freaking bad day
And they need to express that

English
Books are too often banned
Because of their language or topics that
Can't be handled
Or even right here:
Dead Poet's Society - BANNED
Because it talked about suicide
But if we can't learn about these things
How are we supposed to prevent them.
And our writing is limited to what we are told to say
Our words propaganda for what the schools want to
present
Censored and limited
But not this time.

-Stefanie Chiguluri

Happy Birthday to Me

Sunday, January 7, 2018 4:12 PM

Happy Birthday to me,
Or do you prefer: welcome to office Donald Trump?
Same day in history
The day this nation came together
Not by majority
Invited the least prepared
Used to be just a joke candidate
Orange, homophobic, xenophobic, sexist
45th President of this here
Divided states

Should have woken up and celebrated
Me
But instead I cried tears
For the others with bigger and greater fears
Swallowed by the darkness of this abyss
Those who could be awaiting their death day
Because they are created equal
But still the "ugly" duckling
Just because they are black,
A woman,
LGBTQ,
Muslim,
And many more minorities
Who have been further stripped of their American dream
They already were struggling to have

But the clock just ticked backwards
And a reactionary took to throne
And for some reason (?)
people listen to what this pompous Cheeto
Has to say
And then they follow because they are
Brainwashed
This is America
This land is not your land this land is my land
Home of the not free
Land that I don't love

The only truth I see

Home of the BRAVE

Who walk the streets wondering if it is their turn to slip away

Into the night

Hands of a stranger

Bullets of an unaware gun

January 20th, 2017

-Stefanie Chiguluri