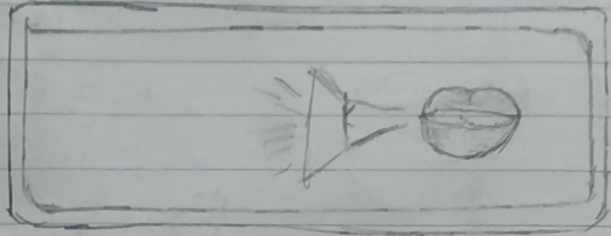


My voice

My voice is croaky like a frog in the morning,
In the noon,
My voice gets stronger,
My voice is loud,
When I play with my friends.

As the afternoon comes,
My voice gets clearer,
When I sing,
I get the bling,
I whisper in assemblies.



I shout when I am fed up,
It started in my brain,
or maybe in a plane,
I look out of the window,
I also play limbo.

When the evening comes,
My voice is bubbly and tired like a baby,
I shout in Tae-kwon-do,
As strong as a rolling pin,
In swimming,
My voice gets muffled like a person wearing a mask.

My voice is a quiet wasp when I sleep,
I sleep-talk during the night,
I wake up and shout hooray,
It's another day.

by Megh Shah
5H