

I Have Something
to say

Poems from a World of Wonder

M. Navira

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*To every child who has something to say
and the courage to say it.*

To Mom and Dad

*you gave me the courage to write these lines, and nurtured
a talent I didn't yet know I had.*

*To the entire constellation of family grandparents,
uncles, aunts, and cousins —*

every bright star in my universe, each one created with love.



*To Ms. Afra Fahd, my creative writing coach —
who saw the poet in me before I could write poems,
and handed me the pen that granted me the wonderful gift of confidence.*

*No constellation is complete without its brightest star —
to my Principal and every teacher at Mahindra World School
for building the glittering world of education where this poet grew, one
lesson at a time.*

*I also dedicate this book to all who showed me each star in this galaxy,
and the way each one shines.*



THANK YOU FOR INSPIRING ME

A Note from Navira

Hello, reader!

I wrote these poems because I had things I wanted to say about the moon, about mermaids, about my mum and dad and my little cousin who I met for the first time and wanted to write about immediately. About the day I felt lonely in the playground and a fairy of friendship appeared in my imagination.

Some of these poems came from dreams. Some came from questions I couldn't stop asking. Some came from ordinary moments that didn't feel ordinary to me at all.

I hope when you read them, you feel something. And I hope you pick up a pen and write something too.

With starlight and good wishes,

Navira ✦

Table of Contents

Stardust in My Pockets.....	1
<i>The Moon Didn't Shine.....</i>	<i>3</i>
<i>The Dreamy Universe</i>	<i>5</i>
<i>Underwater World.....</i>	<i>7</i>
<i>A Fairy Garden</i>	<i>9</i>
<i>Rain Drop</i>	<i>11</i>
<i>Nature's Peaceful Gift</i>	<i>13</i>
<i>Sand, Sea, Moon and Me</i>	<i>15</i>
<i>Liquid Sapphire.....</i>	<i>17</i>
<i>Cozy Tent</i>	<i>19</i>
 The Ones Who Made Me.....	 21
<i>My Mother</i>	<i>23</i>
<i>Super Daddy's Love</i>	<i>25</i>
<i>Little Sister's Love</i>	<i>27</i>
<i>The Ones Who Light Our Way.....</i>	<i>29</i>
 Glitter, Gold & Grand Adventures	 31
<i>The Golden Idol</i>	<i>33</i>
<i>My Talking Book</i>	<i>35</i>
<i>Reflection is Reality?.....</i>	<i>37</i>
<i>The Picture of an Ice Cream</i>	<i>41</i>
<i>Fashion</i>	<i>43</i>
<i>Fire Ruby</i>	<i>45</i>
<i>The Magical Waterfalls</i>	<i>47</i>
<i>Gravity Glitch.....</i>	<i>49</i>
 We Are Prettier Together	 51
<i>Fairy of Friendship</i>	<i>53</i>
<i>Friendship</i>	<i>55</i>

Stardust in My Pockets

*of moonlight, nebulae, underwater worlds,
fairy gardens & a very pink tent*





The Moon Didn't Shine



In the serene dark night,
The stars sparkled, there was no light;
A little firefly asked, "Where is the moon's shine?"
A girl's lost in the forest— so it was not fine.

Little Lyra was searching for the blue-purple hue,
She followed the stars, looking like a path of dew.
The Lyra constellation came to her and said,
"Are you searching for the moon's shine?"— and it led.

They found themselves between two stars,
Between Proxima and Sun, like Earth and Mars;
And so the shine returned to the moon by night,
Even though it's borrowed, it makes the moon a lovely sight!



♦ **Navira's Note:** *I named the girl Lyra after the constellation because I wanted the stars themselves to come and help her. The universe notices when someone is lost.*



The Dreamy Universe



As the stars light the night sky,
And the shooting stars pass by;
Make a wish before they go,
So the constellations show.

See the Red Spider Nebula now,
Before the Earth rotates around;
Take a look at the Dreamy Universe,
So it takes off a horrifying curse!



♦ **Navira's Note:** *I read about the Red Spider Nebula and thought what a magnificent, scary, beautiful thing. The universe is full of things we haven't looked at yet.*



Underwater World



Mermaids give a kiss,
Starfish grant a wish;
Sea unicorns sing,
With their magic too powerful to bring;

Listen to the moving weeds,
It would be terrifying if a fish were caught in reeds!
Let's find the coral reefs,
Before they are stolen by thieves;



♦ **Navira's Note:** *Coral reefs are disappearing. I wanted to write something magical about the ocean but also remind everyone that we need to protect it.*



A Fairy Garden



Butterflies moving here and there,
Beauty is about being fair;
Roses are singing peacefully so,
Violets are blooming, help them grow;

The Fairy Garden that the angels see,
Will help all evil to flee;
A crystal seed which was once sown,
Is from where a Fairy Garden has grown.



♦ **Navira's Note:** *I believe every garden has a little magic in it, if you look carefully enough. This poem started from imagining what a seed would look like if it could grow anything at all.*



Rain Drop



Born in a dark grey cloud,
A crystal tear from the palace above;
It shines with a reflection, proud,
And merges with light— a rainbow's dove.

It falls in a fleeting second,
Yet feels like an eternity;
Each drop a command that's reckoned,
Clouds flooding earth with certainty.

How does water fall from there?
The clouds are grey, the water blue.
“That's not fair!” I cry in air,
Oceans above? I have no clue!

At times, a dew drop on greenery,
At times Mother Nature's gone crazy;
Even poisonous evaporation from a factory,
Falls down pure and glazy.



◆ **Navira's Note:** *What amazes me most about rain is that even when it picks up pollution on the way up, it falls back down clean. Nature finds a way.*



Nature's Peaceful Gift



In the nights of swaying seas,
In the days of blossoming trees,
Listen to the birds chirping in a tree,

Roses moving to and fro,
Children playing in the snow,
Crickets chirping slowly so;

And the wind blowing slowly, "go"
Listen to the waves go,
Together they make a tune, no?

We love nature's peaceful gift,
As the fragrance of roses drift.



◆ **Navira's Note:** *I wrote this poem listening to rain outside my window and thinking nature is always making music. We just need to stop and hear it.*



Sand, Sea, Moon and Me



The moon is at full power,
And mighty waves rise high;
Dance, oh cosmos flower,
A glow shines in the eagle's eye.
The ocean brightly shimmers
Under the moon's soft shine;
The sand now glitters
Absolutely divine.
Seeing the horizon where sea and sky meet
Fills my heart with adventure;
The night beach, where the water washes my feet,
Feels peaceful — safe in nature.



◆ **Navira's Note:** *I wrote this poem the way I feel at the beach at night small, peaceful, and held by everything around me. The sand, the sea, the moon, and me. That is enough.*



Liquid Sapphire



A gift for one and all,
It swirls and sways in seas.
It aids us in standing tall,
So, what do we do? Save it, please!

Trees and animals need it too,
It deposits shells at the beach.
Life depends on it, I tell you,
Look around, it's within your reach.

It runs to plains from peaks,
It sings and dances along the way,
It serves anyone who seeks,
It refreshes and drives the thirst away!

It resides in a peaceful place,
The name of which is lake;
It shimmers like a sapphire on a lace,
Nothing like a man can make.

This beautiful, useful thing is one,
That's responsible for starting life;
If you value and save it, you have won,
But waste it, and you'll see the strife.

It's here, it's there, it's everywhere,
It's present in abundance, that's true;
But it still needs to be used with care,
And that can be done by me and you.



◆ **Navira's Note:** *The line that started this poem was the sapphire one. I was thinking about how lake water catches light and looks like a jewel and then I thought, it actually is one. More precious than any sapphire. I hope whoever reads this treats water that way.*



Cozy Tent



It's a cloth of pink,
Where nobody can send a link.
It's so safe that none can leap over;
In it, babies have a sleep over

Though ballerinas might find it tight to leap.
Through the curtains, Butterflies peep,
It's a cozy tent,
Where grown-ups must crawl or stay bent.



♦ **Navira's Note:** *A poem about my favourite hiding place— a tent where the world can't find you. No messages, no noise. Just pink and peaceful.*

The Ones Who Made Me

of mamas, daddies, little sisters & the ones who light our way





My Mother



She shows me who I am
She shows me who I should be
She gives me strength like a dam
Without her, there is no me.

She is my role model,
Together, there's so much to do.
She taught me how to toddle,
And would always coo.

So cool and sweet, she is my mother,
Her words are gentle like a bird's tweet.
She's more important to me than any other,
Being hers is such a treat!



♦ **Navira's Note:** *This poem reminds us that every mother holds a special place in her child's heart even, when the child doesn't always show it. So, who is the best mother? It's you.*



Super Daddy's Love



We play, we jump, and dance,
But I always seem to get it wrong.
He gives me a second chance,
And the power to stay strong.

He shows me the coolest vibes,
I can't spell happiness without him.
Teaching bravery— his name describes,
He even taught me how to swim.

He is my daddy,
My superhero for life.
I used to call him laddy
He made easy every strife.



♦ **Navira's Note:** *Daddies give second chances when we get things wrong. That's the best superpower of all.*



Little Sister's Love



She gives magic to my hand,
She holds on tight to my finger.
She gives me power beyond things on land
I'll help her even to be a singer.

More than I know I love the little girl
Later taller she will grow.
I'll remember how she'd curl
Little sister, in arms, she'll forget me? No!

Sometimes I think she is such a cutie
Other times a little rude.
When she grows into a beauty
She'll miss the times when I cooed.



◆ **Navira's Note:** *The smallest hands hold the biggest magic.*

◆ **The story behind this poem:** *I wrote this the day I first met my little cousin. The moment she wrapped her tiny fingers around mine, I knew I had to write it down. That feeling, of holding something so small and knowing you'd do anything for them— I didn't want to forget it.*



Grow
Learn
Shine
♡

Dreams
& Wishes

Kindness
Curiosity
Courage
Imagination
Isaac

The Ones Who Light Our Way



You teach us with patience and kindness,
And lead us when we don't know where to go;
You remove our learning blindness,
Our wisdom seeds you help us to sow.

You open our minds and help us show,
Our talents to the best of our ability.
You nurture us, as we grow,
We rely on you to find our destiny.

This is a message straight from the heart,
Of a grateful and happy student.
Thank you, dear teacher, you gave my life a start,
Making me strong, smart and confident.



♦ **Navira's Note:** *Every teacher who ever believed in a student before the student believed in themselves this poem is for them.*

Glitter, Gold & Grand Adventures

of hidden idols, chatty books, mystery painters & lipstick clicks





The Golden Idol



In the cave of treasures, beside a sapphire;
Lies the Golden Idol of the empire;
Under the chest of a ruby crown,
Is a crystalline stream where amethysts don't drown;

Above the black diamond, it rains golden dollars,
Which made the rich pets wear golden collars;
Every treasure is the Golden Idol's piece.
For it has shattered to make the next door's keys



♦ **Navira's Note:** *I imagined the most magnificent treasure room ever and then put a golden idol in the middle of it all, watching over everything.*



My Talking Book



She tells me about all sorts of things,
From non-fiction to sorcery,
She tells me about Earth's mystery,
And English, Science and History.

I flip and scan to learn it all,
Through pages and pages of print,
Can you guess, who enlightens me?
Did you get the hint?

My closest pal, my best teacher,
Is my learned friend, the talking book.
I always find new things in it,
In each and every nook.



♦ **Navira's Note:** *Books really do talk if you listen. Every time I open one I hear a different voice telling me something new.*



Reflection is Reality?



You wave at the person in the mirror,
And she waves back at you.
But did she ever smile at you first?
And then you responded back too?

One day that happened to me!
I was pacing my bedroom holding my book,
Then up and down the mirror moved;
I checked my reflection had a weird look!

She spoke with happiness, "Hi, you are free,
I can finally speak to you!"
I said, "Hi, are you speaking from another dimension?"
"Yes!", "I'm speaking from another universe
But we can't meet because of the boundary of protection!"

"What is the boundary of protection?" I asked;
"It is what I call the edge of the universe!" said Ms. Reflection.
"But I have found a new way!" she added.
"Let's discuss tomorrow," I said with valediction.

She went back to the idle form she was in,
As I moved away, she did not flip;
Then took off like a tumbling piece of metal
And I slept, dreaming of a spaceship.

The next bright day was Sunday and the universes collided!
She told me there was one way to meet.
We wouldn't need to travel through our own universe
Flying from earth, landing on a different planet; I felt upbeat.

I was in another dimension!
It took me three hours to reach it.
“Sorry,” I told her, thinking I was late;
But she laughed, “What? It’s only been a minute!”

We both set off into unknown space,
While years passed by our planet.
I could return to the present through my dimension,
But I stayed - curiosity pulled me like a magnet.

As we continued, I saw many versions of me in space,
It felt strange a little girl travelling through all dimensions!
Those versions were past and future me's,
Each going in their own opposite directions.

We both landed on a planet of different tech and aliens!
They knew English and we spoke with them but then,
Our wormhole opened and we had to catch it.
We creatures bid farewell, wondering if we'd ever meet again.

It was twenty years for the light of my spaceship to reach earth,
But as I landed, I went back to my time where I belong!
“How did this happen?” I wondered,
As I went to my room I heard a song.

It was no one but my friend, Ms. Reflection!
We had had a nice and amazing adventure.
So every day I would talk to her about my dream
I want to discover more and become an astronomer!



◆ **Navira's note:** *I hope everyone who reads this poem gets the curiosity to look up at the night sky, and wander into it through alternate dimensions, space life, and the universe, that heavenly expanse which has gifted us friendship and talent.*



Kindness
creates the
most beautiful
magic. ♥

For a friend
Thank you! ♥♥♥

The Picture of an Ice Cream



Who's the painter of this picture of an ice cream?
Was it Tom, Fred, George, or you?
Who's the painter of the picture of an ice cream?
It turns out, it was Sue!

Where's the painter of this picture of an ice cream?
Is she in the dining, the hall, or the bedroom?
Where's the painter of this picture of an ice cream?
She's in the garden watching the flowers bloom.

Why did the painter paint this picture of an ice cream?
For fun, an exam, or a competition?
Why did the painter paint this picture of an ice cream?
It turns out it was for a friend who showed a kind action.

Let's go see the painter of this picture of an ice cream.
She was here for the last few hours.
Oh, but we cannot find her here.
Upon asking, we found she's now the painter of the picture of
blooming flowers.



◆ **Navira's Note:** *I love poems that feel like a riddle. Who? Where? Why? I wanted the reader to feel like a detective, and the ending to feel like a happy surprise.*



Be your
own kind of
beautiful.

Sparkle
Shine
You ♥

Fashion



I put on red lipstick,
Then I close it with a stylish click;
I put golden eyeshadows on me,
With some eyeliner I'll look perfect, you see;

A little ruby necklace,
And a gown with gold lace;
I will leave my hair free,
And what a pretty girl I'll be.



♦ **Navira's Note:** *I hope everyone who reads this poem feels beautiful. Believing we are pretty is what truly makes the world a prettier place.*



Fire Ruby



Red fire I hold in me,
Beside a red rose I'll be.
See me, and your eyes will spark;
With me, there is nothing called dark.
I'm here to brighten your day,
And also to enlighten your way.
I am a fire ruby,
And I'll never be found near the sea.



♦ **Navira's Note:** *I wrote this poem as the ruby itself speaking. Rubies are red like fire and they shine in the dark - I thought. what if the gem could tell you what it does? I also like that it says it will never be found near the sea, because rubies come from the earth, not the ocean.*



The Magical Waterfalls



I carry blue diamonds,
I also hold platinum tridents;
Under the sun I sparkle,
Under the moon I dazzle.

I might be like an oasis,
But no one has ever known my magics;
You lose yourself in me —
A magical waterfall where whispers hide in every drop of me.



♦ **Navira's Note:** *I imagined the waterfall speaking like it has a secret no one has ever discovered. Blue diamonds and platinum tridents felt right because waterfalls catch light and look like jewels. The last line came from how you feel standing next to a waterfall: like the whole world goes quiet.*



Gravity Glitch



One day I was practising my keyboard,
Just then a key broke and started to float;
So did the chair near my whiteboard,
The buttons started flying off my TV remote.
The ceiling and the fan took off,
So me and my keyboard flew into the sky;
It was as if nature scoffs,
Now all the things on earth started to fly.

It was night and everyone was sleeping,
Luckily they flew with their cot;
I was in my chair and saw a light beeping,
I pressed it back and it snapped like a robot.

The sky was pulled back to the planet,
Everyone floated back to their own space;
I landed on a building of granite,
A strawberry pancake smell filled the place.

Someone was calling me —
“It’s time to eat,” said the voice;
“What a glitch!” I laughed with glee,
“Do you want bread? It’s your choice.”



◆ **Navira’s Note:** *This poem started from a real moment a key on my keyboard felt loose and I started wondering: what if it just floated away? The dream ending was my favourite part to write. The whole universe went upside down, and then someone offered me bread.*

We Are Prettier Together

*of a fairy who grants friendship & friends who
tie all the loose ends*



♦ **The story behind this poem:** *One day at school, I had a disagreement with friends in the play area and felt very left out. I came home sad. That night I looked at the stars and thought about how they are always together, always part of a constellation. I wished a fairy could just tell me what to do. And then I thought: what if one did? So I wrote it down. The next day I went and found others who looked lonely, just like the fairy said. It worked.*



Believe
in
Kindness

A single
kind heart
can light
up the
whole world.

Friendship
is the
sweetest
magic

Fairy of Friendship



I was watching the stars,
And thought, how many friends they have!
But I'm lonely, like I'm stuck on Mars
My loneliness only made others laugh.

went home, quietly crying,
Tired of sobbing, I sat on the bed,
To lucky charms I was speaking and whining
Suddenly, a fairy appeared— and in surprise, I went red!

She said, "Hello, I'm the Fairy of Friendship.
You need to be wise if you want to make friends."
I told her, "Maybe I do need to work hard for companionship."
I thanked the fairy, went to other lonely people and tied their
loose ends.



◆ **Navira's Note:** *Sometimes the bravest thing is to reach out to someone who needs you more than you need yourself*



Friendship



*Fun with them, all through the days,
Run with them in endless ways.
Imagination we gather,
Enemies? Never, we stick together.
Nightmares, they chase away,
Daydreams they give to brighten my day.
See! Take a look at my friends
Haha! They make me laugh and tie loose ends.
I could be much happier,
Prettier we are when we stay together.*



◆ **Navira's Note:** *An acrostic poem— each line starts with a letter from FRIENDSHIP. I wanted the poem to carry the word itself, like a secret message.*

Favourite Lines

One line from every poem to carry with you always.

- ♦ **The Moon Didn't Shine**—*“And so the shine returned to the moon by night”*
- ♦ **The Dreamy Universe**—*“Take a look at the dreamy Universe, so it takes off a horrifying curse!”*
- ♦ **Underwater World**—*“Let's find the coral reefs, before they are stolen by thieves.”*
- ♦ **A Fairy Garden**—*“A crystal seed which was once sown, is from where a Fairy Garden has grown.”*
- ♦ **Rain Drop**—*“Even a poisonous evaporation in a factory falls down, pure and glazy.”*
- ♦ **Nature's Peaceful Gift**—*“Together they make a tune, no?”*
- ♦ **Cozy Tent**—*“It's a cozy tent, where grown-ups must crawl or stay bent.”*
- ♦ **My Mother**—*“Without her, there is no me.”*
- ♦ **Super Daddy's Love**—*“I can't spell happiness without him.”*
- ♦ **Little Sister's Love**—*“She gives magic to my hand, she holds on tight to my finger.”*
- ♦ **The Ones Who Light Our Way**—*“Our wisdom seeds you help us to sow.”*
- ♦ **The Golden Idol**—*“Every treasure is the Golden Idol's piece.”*
- ♦ **My Talking Book**—*“I always find new things in it, in each and every nook.”*
- ♦ **Reflection is Reality?**—*“You wave at the person in the mirror and she waves back at you.”*
- ♦ **The Picture of an Ice Cream**—*“She's now the painter of the picture of blooming flowers.”*

- ◆ **Fashion**— *“I will leave my hair free — and what a pretty girl I’ll be.”*
- ◆ **Fairy of Friendship**— *“I went to other lonely people and tied their loose ends.”*
- ◆ **Friendship**— *“Prettier we are when we stay together.”*
- ◆ **Fire Ruby**— *“With me, there is nothing called dark.”*
- ◆ **The Magical Waterfalls**— *“A magical waterfall where whispers hide in every drop of me.”*
- ◆ **Gravity Glitch**— *“What a glitch!” I laughed with glee.*

Your Turn ♦

The Glittering Sunset

Now it's your turn! Write your own poem about The Glittering Sunset.

Title: _____

There are no wrong poems. There are only poems waiting to be written.

About the Author

[Illustrated portrait of Navira]

M. Navira is ten years old, and she has always believed that the world is full of things worth noticing— a moonlit waterfall, a fire ruby’s glow, the quiet magic of a friendship found.

A student at Mahindra World School, she moves through life with equal parts wonder and intention. She has a deep love for writing, coaxes music from the keyboard, and lifts her voice in western vocal songs. On clear nights, she turns her eyes upward— to the stars, the galaxies, the vast and dreamy universe that has no end.

This collection was born from all of that— from the noticing, the listening, the making, and the stargazing.

I Have Something to Say is her first book of poems. Something tells us it won’t be her last.

~ fin ~

Thank you for reading.

— Navira —

