

## **Ami**

My name is Ami.

It's a friendly smile,  
the sweet nectar that butterflies enjoy,  
the common two syllables  
with the Gujarati pronunciation  
“uh-me” clinging to one's lips.

My name is Ami.

It's the courage and patience  
of a determined fighter.  
It's the cool, calm lake that  
transforms into a whirlpool when provoked.

It's the twenty-year-old  
that goes around proudly  
obsessing over cartoons  
and pretending she's the voice of Barbie,  
singing and dancing along  
to just about every upbeat tune  
blasting on inside her car while driving.

It's the awkward, timid girl  
that's not afraid of the dark,

but of the emptiness within,  
that's not afraid of people,  
but of the rejection they bring.  
It's the circle of friends  
one always wishes for,  
yet sometimes, the lonely doll set apart  
from all the stuffed animals in the living room.

I'm Ami and when I'm depressed,  
my tears gush out as gentle waterfalls,  
voice cracking and heart aching in silence,  
never showing that I'm weak,  
never breaking down in front of others.  
I'm Ami and shivers crawl up my spine  
at the thought of public speaking,  
once quite a chatterbox  
but now, one that hides its voice.

It's the burning desire to pinch someone  
when insulted or woken up too early,  
an impatient, grumpy Grinch  
in the morning,  
the competitive girl that takes the words

“this means war!”

seriously

in a water gun fight.

I’m Ami and my laughter vanishes

in a stroke of uncontrollable giggles,

“a silent laugh attack”,

the same old joke running through my head

while walking down the street and

looking like a psycho

to the passing cars nearby.

It’s having a crush on Disney,

the awesome

yet sometimes, annoying ability

to tune people out accidentally,

the neat freak and germophobe put into one.

My name’s Ami and it’s a gift!