

Poetry Series

Harsh Joshi
- poems -

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Harsh Joshi(27-08-2000)

Born in the foothills of Pithoragarh, here comes another amateur and passionate writer. Harsh Joshi, brought up in a small city, Haldwani is a student.

He has been the creative writer of many literary works, In his short period of writing, he was awarded with Bronze Medal in commonwealth essay contest and has participated in various other contests. The passionate writer is the writer of many poems like " Death of Innocence" , " The Elegant Pegin" and many more.

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Death Of Innocence

Days had come and gone,
but I had never known
The real pleasure of childhood
The joy, that I never understood.

Chubby face with an innocent smile,
Irresponsible and fearless was the style.
Neither frustration of loss,
nor the excitement of gain.
The life passed, as smooth as
tiny little drops of rain.

Time passed and gave me senses,
which led to all the offences.
Now I had an glittering eye
Happy at gain, for loss, I would cry.

'Death of innocence'
led to birth of a hypocrite.
No more I saw the world,
with such that innocent smile.

Memories I left, were a great lack,
All I wanted now, was my childhood back.....

Harsh Joshi

Does Exit Exists?

A farmer with just a handful of land,
another calamity leaving nothing in hand.
He obliged with none of the godly favours,
has now lost the taste of his life's flavours.
He wants to exit from this situation,
But the life goes on without any negotiation.

A beggar who spends under the dark sky, his nights,
Whose hopes have lost all the heights.
He wants to exit from this condition,
but the life goes on without any petition.

A patient whose life seems to be fragile,
whose one step is yet another mile.
He wants to exit from this position,
but the life goes as per the same definition.

A mother, having lost her son.
with her tears, she is yet undone.
Her world is now a blown off candle,
her own gloomy life is now tough to handle.
She wants to exit from her depression,
but the life goes without any relaxation.

A thief, imprisoned for his misdeeds,
whose actions were once his needs.
Wants to change for a better reason.
He wants to exit from such wicked frame,
but the life goes on yet the same.

When my tears give it a glance,
they question, why not the other chance? ? ..
Then my eyes see
Such condition still persists,
Often I think,
DOES EXIT EXISTS? ?

Harsh Joshi

How I Turned Writer

'High profile profession', some said,
'for lowness won't fetch you bread'.
But somewhere deep in my heart, I knew,
to do that which made me glad.

'Era with competition at its peak,
To win, you ought to be unique'
For such uniqueness, never made me happy.
'Wealth over wish', sounded a bit crappy.

'Richness can bring you all you want.'
Still I knew, the real delight, it won't grant,
'Wishes over Riches is what fools do',
But my wish was enough for me to get through,

The world seemed questioning at my decision
All I knew, was I had the right vision.

Harsh Joshi

If I Were A Pen

When someone said,
'If you were a pen,
How would the life go then? '
For its holistic view i had never seen,
but here is how i came clean.

'I would be the pen of an author,
To pen down his noble imagination
Free from dirt but full of passion
His clean thoughts might make it happen,
Spreading peace, failing weapon.
The Spark of his writing and envyness,
Saving the world from ignominious darkness,
Would set it free from all negatives,
A better tomorrow will cherish lives.'

Harsh Joshi

The Elegant Pigeon

To the pigeon, so elegant said I,
'Am I the only one to cry? '
The dirty pigeon, so beautiful which never flied,
'Is he happy who never cries? ', surprisingly he replied.

'Perhaps unlucky is my fate', I said
'But you have reasons to be glad,
Think of those, born without fate,
Misfortunes come and go, move ahead Mate! '

For his words sounded in my ears,
recalled me of the world's tears.
My reasons for sadness were so small and mean
made me realize my mistake, Oh! the words so clean.

My teacher gave me reasons, no more I cried,
After that lesson, away he flied....

Harsh Joshi

When Thou Are Upset! !

When thou are upset with me,
when my soul burdened be.

Then I find the time,
being the same, As for mine,
Soul that looks never fine.
Joy, that never has pleasure's sign.

Thou! Friend, easily content,
Need no laws, to repent?

I dwelt alone,
in the world of moan
Untill thou came with your spark,
thou, took me out of moaning dark

When thou are upset
the world looks, As I never met,
with it's those happy moments,
which are now far behind
To see them, I with eyes, am still Blind! !

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