

Poetry Series

**Pushp Sirohi**  
**- poems -**



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# Pushp Sirohi()

Pushp Sirohi had always been a hardworking individual with a passion for education. After completing his Master's in Commerce, he decided to pursue his PGDBM and landed a job with Infosys soon after. His career took off and he joined ICICI Bank as an HR Manager, where he made significant contributions to the company's growth.

After a year at ICICI Bank, he was offered an exciting opportunity at IBM as an HR Consultant. This move was a turning point in Pushp's life, and he enjoyed the challenges that came with working in such a prestigious company.

However, Pushp's personal life was not as smooth sailing. His first marriage ended in a divorce, leaving him feeling lost and uncertain about his future. Despite the setbacks, he remained determined to make the most of his life and career.

It was during his time at IBM that he met his second wife, and they fell in love. They got married and started a family, and Pushp was blessed with a beautiful son named Param Sirohi.

Pushp was overjoyed to have a second chance at love and was determined to be the best husband and father he could be. He worked hard to balance his career and family life, often working long hours but never neglecting his responsibilities at home.

As Param grew up, Pushp took a keen interest in his son's education and development. He made sure to spend quality time with him, helping him with his homework and taking him on outings whenever possible.

Pushp's hard work and dedication paid off, and he was promoted to a senior HR position at IBM. He continued to excel in his career while also being a devoted husband and father to his family.

Through all the ups and downs, Pushp never gave up on himself or his dreams. He proved that with determination and hard work, one can achieve anything in life.

# My Love, My Dad

My love, my dad, my guiding light,  
You've always been there, day and night.  
With your warm embrace and gentle smile,  
You've made my life worthwhile.

You've taught me to be kind and true,  
To believe in myself, and all I can do.  
You've been my rock, my support, my friend,  
And I know our love will never end.

No matter where life may take me,  
I'll always remember, and always be,  
Grateful for your love, your care, your pride,  
My love, my dad, forever by my side.

Pushp Sirohi



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# My India

India, my land of ancient lore,  
Where culture and history run to the core,  
With vibrant colors and bustling sounds,  
A land of contrasts, that astounds.

From the snow-capped peaks, to the sandy shores,  
India is a land of many doors,  
With a diversity that's hard to match,  
And a vibrancy that's hard to catch.

The food, so rich in spices and taste,  
A culinary journey, that's worth the haste,  
From butter chicken, to biryani,  
India's food is simply heavenly.

The festivals, so full of joy and cheer,  
From Holi to Diwali, they're all so dear,  
A celebration of life, and all its might,  
India's festivals are a sight.

The people, so warm and hospitable,  
From north to south, they're simply lovable,  
With a spirit of resilience, and a heart of gold,  
India's people are simply bold.

India, my land of many hues,  
From the bustling cities, to the tranquil views,  
You're a land of contrasts, that I adore,  
And I'm proud to call you, my India forevermore.

Pushp Sirohi

# No Bikes Allowed

The sign reads clear, in bold letters so,  
'Bikes not allowed, ' it seems to say, 'No go.'  
For those who love to ride, it's a blow,  
To be kept from the road, with no place to go.

The wind in your hair, the thrill of the ride,  
The freedom of movement, as you glide,  
But now it seems, that joy is denied,  
With the sign that says, 'No bikes allowed.'

The road stretches out, like an open hand,  
A promise of adventure, across the land,  
But now it's closed, like a locked up stand,  
With the sign that says, 'No bikes allowed.'

But let us not despair, or give up hope,  
For there are still ways, for us to cope,  
With bike paths and trails, we can still elope,  
From the sign that says, 'No bikes allowed.'

So let us ride on, with hearts full of glee,  
Exploring new places, and setting ourselves free,  
For the joy of the ride, it will always be,  
An experience that can't be confined, or bowed.

Pushp Sirohi

# Comedy Of Life

Life can certainly be a funny thing,  
Full of ups and downs, with twists that sting,  
One moment we're up, the next we're down,  
In a constant dance, with fate that's bound.

From the silly mishaps, that make us laugh,  
To the moments of chaos, that leave us in half,  
Life is a comedy, with a dash of drama,  
A stage where we play, each with our own persona.

We trip and we fall, and get up again,  
We laugh at ourselves, and shake off the pain,  
For life is too short, to take too seriously,  
We've got to enjoy it, and live it deliriously.

So let's embrace the absurdity, that life can bring,  
And dance with joy, as we laugh and sing,  
For in the end, it's the moments of fun,  
That make life worth living, and that can't be undone.

Pushp Sirohi

# Water Pollution

The water, once clear, now murky and grey,  
Polluted by our actions, day by day,  
Our waste and chemicals, they flow and seep,  
Into the rivers, the lakes, and the deep.

The fish, once abundant, now few and far,  
Their habitats destroyed, by what we do and mar,  
The plants and the creatures, they suffer so,  
From the pollution that we let grow.

The water, once a source of life,  
Now a symbol of our careless strife,  
As we continue to pollute and waste,  
The natural world, we must face.

But it's not too late, to make a change,  
To heal the waters, that we have estranged,  
To clean and restore, what we have lost,  
And to protect, at any cost.

So let us come together, and take a stand,  
To protect the waters, and the life that they command,  
For in their purity, we find our own,  
A world of balance, that we can call home.

Pushp Sirohi

# Noise Pollution

Amidst the honking cars and blaring horns,  
A symphony of chaos, each day reborn,  
The sounds of the city, a never-ending din,  
A discordant melody that grates within.

The whirring of machines, the screech of brakes,  
The rumble of planes, as they take off and shake,  
The shouts of people, the clatter of feet,  
A noisy world, that never seems to sleep.

The sounds of progress, they say with a grin,  
But what of the peace, that once lay within?  
The sounds of nature, now drowned in noise,  
A world out of balance, with its own voice.

The impact of noise, it's more than we know,  
Affects our health, and our minds, it can throw,  
From stress and anxiety, to hearing loss,  
The price we pay, for progress, at a cost.

So let us pause, and take a moment to hear,  
The sounds of silence, so pure and so clear,  
For in the stillness, we find our peace,  
And a world that's balanced, can finally release.

Pushp Sirohi

# Oh Teacher, Oh Teacher

Oh, teachers, teachers, so wise and so great,  
You help us learn and navigate,  
Through science, math, and history,  
You guide us all, with such simplicity.

You put up with our endless chatter,  
And deal with us when we're a bit scattered,  
From silly jokes to childish antics,  
You handle it all, with your calm semantics.

Your lessons are so engaging and fun,  
With laughter and learning, all rolled into one,  
You help us see the world anew,  
And find our passions, both old and new.

So here's to the teachers, so brilliant and bold,  
Whose hearts are made of purest gold,  
May you continue to inspire and uplift,  
And help us all, to reach our greatest gift.

For you are the ones who shape our minds,  
And help us to become, our very best kind,  
So thank you, dear teachers, one and all,  
For answering the call, to educate and enthrall.

Pushp Sirohi

## Divorce - Part Iii

Divorce can be a painful chapter in life,  
A struggle through which we must strive,  
But in the end, we emerge anew,  
Stronger, wiser, and with hope anew.

Though the pain may linger for a while,  
And tears may flow like an endless mile,  
We find the strength to carry on,  
And build a life where hope has shone.

We learn to let go of the past,  
And find the courage to move on at last,  
With each new day, we heal and grow,  
And learn to love and live again, with a new glow.

So, though the road may seem long and hard,  
And the future may seem full of shards,  
Know that you are not alone,  
And that your strength will help you find a new home.

Divorce may be a painful parting of ways,  
But with time and courage, we'll find new rays,  
Of hope and love, and a brighter tomorrow,  
Where we can once again find joy and be rid of sorrow.

Pushp Sirohi

# The Pain Of Separation

The pain of separation, oh, how it hurts,  
A wound that seems to have no cure,  
My heart aches with every beat,  
As I try to accept what can't be beat.

The memories we shared, they linger on,  
Like a bittersweet melody, they play on and on,  
The laughter, the love, the moments we shared,  
Now just a distant dream, too good to be spared.

I try to move on, to leave it behind,  
But the pain just seems to grow, a never-ending grind,  
I long for your touch, your smile, your embrace,  
But now they're gone, leaving only an empty space.

The pain of separation, it cuts so deep,  
A wound that's hard to heal, a pain that's hard to keep,  
But with time, I know I'll learn to cope,  
And find the strength to carry on with hope.

For life goes on, as it always does,  
And though the pain may linger, I'll learn to adjust,  
And in my heart, I'll always hold,  
The memories of a love, a story once told.

Pushp Sirohi

# My Ex-Wife

My ex-wife, once my love,  
Now we are strangers, and that's tough,  
Our time together has come and gone,  
But memories of us still linger on.

I miss the way we used to be,  
When love and laughter filled our hearts so free,  
But now we're apart, and it's hard to bear,  
Knowing that you're no longer there.

We had our moments, both good and bad,  
Times when we laughed, and times when we were sad,  
But through it all, I loved you still,  
And I always will, despite the chill.

Life moves on, and so must we,  
And though we're no longer a 'we',  
I wish you well, with all my heart,  
And hope that we can each make a fresh start.

My ex-wife, once my love,  
Now we are strangers, and that's tough,  
But I'll always remember the love we shared,  
And the memories that we once bared.

Pushp Sirohi

# Papa & Param

Papa and Param, a bond so strong,  
Father and son, they get along,  
In each other, they find a friend,  
A love that never seems to end.

Papa teaches Param all he knows,  
And Param listens with intent and grows,  
From learning how to ride a bike,  
To tackling problems that he doesn't like.

Through laughter and tears, they face it all,  
Standing by each other, standing tall,  
Papa's love, a guiding light,  
Helping Param find his way through life.

Param looks up to his dad,  
In him, he sees a hero clad,  
With courage, strength, and endless love,  
A gift that's sent from up above.

Papa and Param, a bond so true,  
A love that's pure, and forever new,  
A father and son, a team for life,  
Together they will weather any strife.

Pushp Sirohi

# I Love My Kind Mom

My mom is the sunshine in my day,  
She always knows just what to say,  
To make me smile and chase away,  
Any worries or fears that come my way.

Her love is kind and gentle, too,  
A constant source of strength and truth,  
She never judges or condemns,  
But instead, she's my biggest friend.

She's always there to lend a hand,  
And help me up when I fall,  
She teaches me to be brave and strong,  
And to always give my all.

I love my very kind mom,  
More than words could ever say,  
She's the reason for my happiness,  
And why I smile every day.

So here's to you, my dear sweet mom,  
Thank you for all that you do,  
I am so grateful for your love,  
And for the beautiful person that you are too.

Pushp Sirohi

# Pain Of Divorce

The pain of divorce cuts like a knife,  
A wound that's deep, affecting life,  
It tears apart the heart and soul,  
Leaves one feeling lost and whole.

The love that once was strong and true,  
Now shattered and broken, beyond rescue,  
The dreams we shared, now out of reach,  
The hopes we had, now beyond our reach.

The memories we built, now hurt so much,  
The laughter we shared, now out of touch,  
The moments we cherished, now fading away,  
The future we planned, now just a delay.

The pain of divorce is hard to bear,  
It's like losing a part of yourself, it's unfair,  
The emptiness inside, hard to ignore,  
The ache in the heart, hard to endure.

The loneliness that follows, hard to ignore,  
The fear of the future, hard to explore,  
The questions that linger, hard to answer,  
The doubts that haunt, hard to decipher.

The pain of divorce is a journey long,  
A road full of hurdles, with no song,  
But in time, the wounds will heal,  
The heart will mend, and we'll feel.

The pain of divorce will eventually fade,  
A new life will start, a new chapter will be made,  
With hope in our hearts, and strength in our soul,  
We'll find the courage to heal and be whole.

Pushp Sirohi

# Divorce

Divorce, the end of a bond once strong,  
A love that couldn't last for long,  
A union that was meant to be,  
But now, it's time to set it free.

The vows we made, now broken apart,  
The love we shared, now torn apart,  
The promises we made, now shattered,  
The dreams we had, now all tattered.

The pain we feel, hard to express,  
The emptiness we have, hard to address,  
The memories we had, now haunting,  
The life we shared, now daunting.

The future once bright, now unclear,  
The happiness once there, now mere,  
The love once felt, now faded,  
The life once shared, now jaded.

Divorce, the end of a chapter,  
A new beginning, a new capture,  
A chance to start anew, a fresh start,  
A new life to live, a new heart.

Let go of the past, move on,  
Leave behind the pain, be strong,  
The journey ahead, uncertain,  
But life goes on, a new curtain.

Divorce, the end of a bond once strong,  
But a new beginning, a chance to belong,  
A new life to lead, a new story to tell,  
A new love to find, a new life to dwell.

Pushp Sirohi

# To All Students

To all the students, young and old,  
Whose future is yet to unfold,  
I write this poem, with love and care,  
To remind you, that you're special, and rare.

You're the dreamers, the believers, the doers,  
Whose potential, knows no boundaries or limiters.  
With every step, you take towards your goal,  
You grow stronger, with an unbreakable soul.

With every challenge, you face on your way,  
You learn to grow, and find your own sway.  
With every failure, you pick yourself up,  
And find the courage, to move on, and never give up.

You're the future, the hope, the light,  
Whose dreams and aspirations, are within sight.  
With your hard work, your dedication, your grit,  
You can achieve anything, and never quit.

So, to all the students, I say this loud,  
You're amazing, and make us all proud.  
Keep striving, keep growing, keep learning,  
And one day, you'll shine, with all your yearning.

For you're the ones, who'll make a difference,  
And change the world, with your brilliance.  
Believe in yourself, and never forget,  
That you're capable of greatness, and nothing less.

Pushp Sirohi

# To My Niece

My niece Khushi, a bundle of joy,  
A ray of sunshine, that's hard to avoid.  
With her sparkling eyes, and infectious smile,  
She brings happiness, that's truly worthwhile.

With every hug, she melts my heart,  
And brings a new beginning, a fresh start.  
Her laughter, her chatter, her silly antics,  
A source of joy, that's simply fantastic.

She's a little angel, sent from above,  
To spread love, and bring joy with her love.  
Her innocence, her purity, a true delight,  
That fills my heart, with pure delight.

With every moment spent with her,  
My heart fills up, with love and fervor.  
She's a gift, that's beyond compare,  
A true blessing, that's simply rare.

So, here's to my dear Khushi,  
A little star, that shines so brightly.  
Thank you for your love, your care, your grace,  
May God bless you, and your life always embrace.

You're a blessing, a joy, a little wonder,  
And I'm blessed to have you, as my niece forever.

Pushp Sirohi

# My Lovable Wife

My wife, my soulmate, my everything,  
A true love story, my heart will always sing.  
With a smile that can light up the darkest night,  
And a heart that's pure, full of love and light.

With every moment, she's by my side,  
Through joys and sorrows, she's been my guide.  
Her love and care, a balm to my soul,  
And with her, I feel complete, whole.

With every sunrise, she brings new hope,  
A ray of light, that helps me to cope.  
Her laughter, her touch, her warm embrace,  
A place of comfort, in life's rat race.

She's the queen of my heart, a true blessing,  
Who's brought joy and love, without any stressing.  
Her kindness and compassion, a true inspiration,  
Have shown me the way, to love with dedication.

So, here's to my lovable wife,  
A woman of beauty, grace, and life.  
Thank you for your love, your care, your embrace,  
May God bless you, and your life always grace.

You're my world, my love, my forever,  
And I'm blessed to have you, now and forever.

Pushp Sirohi

# My Brave Brother

My brother, a fearless warrior,  
Has always stood tall, with heart and honor.  
With a spirit so brave, he's faced every trial,  
And emerged victorious, with a heart full of style.

Through every challenge, he's held his head high,  
And never let the obstacles make him shy.  
He's fought with valor, and stood his ground,  
A true champion, who's always around.

He's faced battles, both within and without,  
And emerged stronger, without a doubt.  
His courage and strength, a true inspiration,  
Have shown me how to face life with conviction.

He's the rock of our family, a true friend,  
Who's stood by us, until the very end.  
His sacrifices, his struggles, his wins,  
Are a testament to his spirit, and his sins.

So, here's to my brave brother,  
A man of honor, and strength, like no other.  
Thank you for your love, your care, your sacrifice,  
May God bless you, and your life suffice.

You're a hero, a fighter, a source of light,  
And will always be a shining star, in our sight.

Pushp Sirohi

# To My Brave Mom

My mom, a warrior in her own right,  
Has faced every challenge with strength and might.  
Through trials and tribulations, she's stood tall,  
A beacon of hope, guiding us through it all.

She's fought through storms, and weathered the rain,  
With a heart of gold that never complains.  
Her love and warmth have always been there,  
A haven of comfort, beyond compare.

With unwavering spirit, she's faced every test,  
And never once let fear or doubt manifest.  
Her courage and resilience, a true inspiration,  
Have taught me to face life with determination.

She's the rock of our family, the pillar of strength,  
Who's held us together, through every length.  
Her sacrifices, her struggles, her triumphs,  
Are a testament to her, beyond any sum.

So, here's to my brave mom,  
A woman of substance, grace, and aplomb.  
Thank you for your love, your care, your sacrifice,  
May God bless you, and your life suffice.

You're a hero, a fighter, a source of light,  
And will always be a shining star, in our sight.

Pushp Sirohi

# My Brave Father

My father, a soldier brave and true,  
Served his country with honor through and through.  
With courage and valor, he fought with pride,  
His duty to his nation he never denied.

He stood strong through wars and strife,  
And risked his life to protect our life.  
With his unwavering spirit and heart of steel,  
He never gave up on what he believed was real.

He marched forward, with his head held high,  
To defend our freedom, he was always ready to die.  
With every battle, he emerged victorious,  
A symbol of hope, a leader so glorious.

As a child, I saw him leave with his kit,  
To safeguard our land, never to quit.  
I waited for him to return home safe,  
And thank God for his love and grace.

Now, he's retired, but his spirit still lives,  
In my heart and soul, his legacy thrives.  
My father, my hero, my army man,  
I'm proud of you, and your bravery, I can't even span.

Thank you for your sacrifices, your love, and care,  
May God always bless you with a life beyond compare.  
My brave army man father, I salute you,  
Your love, strength, and courage will always be true.

Pushp Sirohi

# Your Dad

Your dad, a man of courage and might,  
A hero who always stands for what is right.  
He's faced challenges that would make others run,  
But he never gives up until the job is done.

He fought through the battles of life,  
And faced every obstacle with stride.  
He never let his fears hold him back,  
And always stayed on the righteous track.

Through thick and thin, he was your guide,  
He taught you to never hide.  
To stand tall and be brave,  
To never let life's storms make you cave.

Your dad is a rock, a true inspiration,  
A symbol of hope and determination.  
He's always there to lend a hand,  
And never lets you face life's trials unmanned.

So here's to your brave dad,  
A man who's more than just a dad.  
He's a hero, a mentor, a friend,  
And will be with you until the end.

Your Dad - Pushp Sirohi

Pushp Sirohi

# To My Son

From the moment you came into my life,  
My heart has been filled with joy so rife.  
You've brought so much love and happiness,  
My little one, you are truly priceless.

I watched you take your first steps,  
And heard your first giggles and yelps.  
I held your tiny hand in mine,  
And knew that everything would be just fine.

As you grow and explore this world,  
I see in you a spirit so unfurled.  
Your laughter, your smiles, your curious eyes,  
Fill my heart with love that never dies.

You make me proud with all that you do,  
And all the ways you shine like dew.  
You inspire me to be my best,  
And I know that you will pass every test.

My son, you are a blessing to behold,  
A gift of love that never grows old.  
May you always be happy, healthy, and true,  
And know that I will always love you.

Pushp Sirohi

# Inner Peace II

In the stillness of my mind,  
I search for what I hope to find.  
A calmness, a sense of ease,  
A place where worries come to cease.

I close my eyes and take a breath,  
And let my mind escape from death.  
I find a space that's free from pain,  
A place where I can start again.

I breathe in deep, I let it out,  
And feel the calmness all about.  
The world may swirl, the chaos thrive,  
But in my soul, I feel alive.

The worries fade, the fear subsides,  
And in my heart, the calmness resides.  
The whispers of my soul now heard,  
And I am one with every word.

I am at peace, I am at rest,  
My soul now free, no longer stressed.  
The world may rage, but I am still,  
With inner peace, I have the will.

Pushp Sirohi

# Inkalaab

The winds of change are blowing strong,  
A new dawn is about to dawn.  
The people rise with one voice,  
Inkalaab is the only choice.

The shackles of oppression we shall break,  
Our spirits we will not forsake.  
For too long we've been held in chains,  
It's time for us to break the reins.

We march together, hand in hand,  
United we will take a stand.  
Against injustice and tyranny,  
We'll fight with all our energy.

Our passion burns like a raging fire,  
Our determination never will tire.  
We'll strive for a brighter tomorrow,  
With Inkalaab as our guiding arrow.

The struggle may be long and hard,  
But we'll never give up our guard.  
For the cause we hold so dear,  
Inkalaab we shall always cheer.

Pushp Sirohi

# Flower

A flower blooms in the morning light,  
With colors so vibrant, so pure, so bright,  
It sways in the gentle breeze,  
Dancing to the song of the trees.

Petals soft as velvet, delicate and fair,  
A fragrance sweet, filling the air,  
A symbol of love, of hope and grace,  
A reminder of life's fleeting embrace.

Each flower tells a story, unique and true,  
Of love and joy, of pain and rue,  
A testament to life's endless cycle,  
Of birth and death, of joy and trial.

So let the flowers bloom, in all their glory,  
Let them tell their story, their unique story,  
For in their beauty, we find solace and peace,  
And in their fragrance, our fears and worries cease.

Pushp Sirohi

# Life

Life is a journey, with twists and turns,  
A path that we travel, a fire that burns,  
We stumble and fall, we laugh and we cry,  
We search for meaning, as time goes by.

Life is a gift, a precious thing,  
A chance to learn, to grow, to sing,  
To see the beauty, in every day,  
And find our purpose, along the way.

Life is a challenge, a mountain to climb,  
A test of strength, a race against time,  
We face our fears, we take a chance,  
And learn to dance, in life's great dance.

Life is a mystery, a puzzle to solve,  
A quest for knowledge, a problem to resolve,  
We seek the truth, we search for light,  
And find our way, in the darkest night.

Life is a journey, a story to tell,  
A canvas to paint, a ringing bell,  
We leave our mark, we make our art,  
And find our home, in each other's heart.

Pushp Sirohi

# Shor Krne Walon Ko Cancer

Tere Shoor ko sunke yaad aya..  
Tera cancer kaisa hai..  
Tere Shor ko sunke fir sawal aya..  
Tere cancer ka koi ilaz nai hai..  
Tere shor ko sunke dua nikli..  
Khuda de tuzhe ek aur cancer ki tikli..  
tera shor ho jaye band o durga e pandit aur maulana..  
tera sher ho jaye thup..  
Fir Tere koi awaz kabhi na niklee..

Pushp Sirohi



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# Main Vyast Hun

Main vyast hun..

Par asie nahi jase sad vast hail ape kamon main,  
Main vyast hun apne bhiter ke darr ko marne main,  
Main vast hun apne Bacchae ke sawalon main,  
Main vast hun Janne main ki each kya hai,  
Main vast hun guano main Ankur jo jode much Prakrit se.  
Main vast hun apne sawaloon ke javabon dene main,  
Main vast hum apne aaa main,  
Main vast hun apne hall ko sudharne main,  
Main vast hun apne aap ko kabil banane mai,  
Main vast hun apne Mann ki Jwala butane main,  
Main vast hun Asman ke pare Jane main,  
Main vast hun agle pedde ko such accha de Jane main,  
Main vyast hun kuch tutte risaton se fir jud jane main,  
Main vast hun jivan ka Hala pane main,  
Main vast hu indr ka sihansan hilane main,  
Main vast hun Yuva ko uske kimat samzhane main,  
Main vast hun insan ko insan bahane main,  
Main vast hun apne pita ke mann kadard chupane main,  
Main vast hun jivan ke madur samband ko pane main,  
Main vast hun abi andar ki Jwala jalane main,  
Main vast hun apne ko trutihin banana main,  
Main vast hun patton ki naye shakhayen banvane main,  
Main vast hun apne sarthi ko krishn banane main,  
Main vast hun jato ka itihis khojne main,  
Main vast hun bhukon ko khan khi lane main,  
Main vast hun pyason ko panic plane main,  
Main vast hun kuch Sammy apne like bachane main,  
Main vast hun bacon ki davao lane main,  
Main vast hun 2 want ki roti Kaman main,  
MAin vyast hun kuch ansuljhi bimariyon ki dawa banane main,  
Main vast hum bacchon ko maut se bachane main,  
MAin vyast hun cancer ko jad se mitten main,

Main vast hun apne maanki chubhan ko chuchap jhel jane main,  
Main vyast hun tere spanen main apni chavi ko banane main,  
Main vast hu madira ke mad ko hata vapus jine ke tarike logon ko samzhane main,

MAin vyast hun Aryabhata ke Zero ko duniya se bacano main,  
Main vast hun shiv ke vish pan se use bachane main.

MAin vyast hun is Bharat ko svanir chidiya banale mai,  
MAin vyast hun Prithvi ko sundar banane main,  
Main vyast hun ....  
Han, Main sahi main vyast hun.

—Pushp Siroh

Pushp Sirohi

# Pen Without Ink

A Pen without ink

I see a squirrel in sin  
when lost the peanut in bin  
Monkey jumped for support  
But unable to find in stack a pin  
I see all this find myself kin

i see all this and really wanna write  
And find the pen without Ink.

All disappear in one blink  
Then God also think  
Why people wear fur of mink  
And becoming more and more fink.  
for making all colour as like pink  
If man continues depleting nature  
One day surely human sink

i see all this and really wanna write  
And find the pen without Ink.

Pushp Sirohi

# Dhoke Main Etbaar

Ishq, mohhabat our wafer ka jiker hote hi Teri aankhon ka jhuk jana,  
tere aankhon ka bayan he ye tere gunehgar hone ka.  
Tere rooh bhi kanp uthti hoge Pushp ka naam soch kr,  
Pata to tuzhe bli hai ki kya silla diya tume hamen vafadar hone ka.  
Tere pitr aur tere lafjon ke tevaron ne tere mere bich ye diwaren khari kr den,  
Varna hamen bhi shok theishq main bimar hone ka.  
Tere chand shabd aur niyat ne badal de meri tabiyat, aur tum intzar karte rahe  
mere angār hone ka.  
Mere kuch doston ne bhi dhoka de dala, sayad unhe bhi nahi pata dosti me  
etbaar hone ka.  
Chalo chodoAishwarya humen khushi hai ki tume pata to chala kisi ke imandar  
hone ka.  
Nahi to tum sab koto passand the sirf panchayaton main beparda aur bejar hone  
ka.  
Kash tum logko pate chale ki,  
Kya Matlab hai insano me Sanskar hone ka.

Pushp Sirohi



PoemHunter.com

# Hard To Find

Hard to find□

As we the creation,  
Bounded by the rules of human.  
Looking for the aspiration.  
With full of love &quot;a heart&quot; of man or woman.

We traveled through Indian Land's,  
Fins separated people from families ad friends.  
Where nudity dances on band's.  
And the only seize product and brands.

Human starts finding the ethics in Killing.  
For fulling their desired Billings.  
Millions of abortion and social responsibility,  
After seeing this my knowledge is in probability.

Their treasure is their only trust.  
I heard that they deceased with lust.  
But all the pleasure that I find.  
IS hard to maintain health and silent mind.

And that's what hard to find.  
Oh Lord! Don't you remind.? ? ?  
IT's really hard to find

Pushp Sirohi

# Inner Peace

Whenever i face any challenge  
the only chanting i listens by 'thy'  
Inner Peace..

Pushp Sirohi



PoemHunter.com

# Loving Child

My mind always fight for choosing wrong  
and same time i choose right,  
not because i hate wrong but  
because i wan't to be right  
whatever happen to the world  
or every single person will try to make me wrong  
i swear to GOD i'll go with Right  
because i promise someone to  
Never Give Up..  
'Thy' show me the path as i m your loving child..

Pushp Sirohi



PoemHunter.com

# Answer For Pain Of Love

We all think  
we know the pain  
but no one really know  
what is a real pain  
Pain is not the pain you feel  
when you hurt  
real pain is when you think the pain exist  
in the vain  
which dedicated to someone  
who took lot of you and always only look for Gain.  
whose lies give aches in vien  
and in last he/she said it's just the 'Game'  
whenever you face such pain  
never underestimate the power of universe  
who took care of balancing right and wrong  
and give you the new reason to live my boy  
that's the Love who bring you life in pain and soul transform pain  
into the blossoms.  
Because your love is a gift to be heartily received..

Pushp Sirohi