

Poetry Series

**Rajat Joshi**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**  
2012

**Publisher:**  
Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

## Rajat Joshi(6th November 1995)

I am just a teenager with WILD notions and a BIT creative mind. Football is my favorite sport and will be the same forever. I LOVE books. I can stay buried in them for days together.

I am an amateur poet. I mostly write poems on the topics which I've experienced something. It can be a funny incident or a philosophical thought.

These mentioned above are my + points... well on the negative side, I'm a very very lazy person! So lazy that once, one of my teacher commented on me, 'Rajat, has the potential to do everything but he does absolutely nothing! '. that is the first thing that strikes my mind whenever I am unable to do anything, I start feeling lazy instantly! LoLzZz..

Hmm.. I love everything around me. My parents, friends, the morning sun, the lovely breeze, my beautiful friend and everything pleasant around me. I'm a very ambitious person. And I'm trying to concentrate on my pursuit. BuT! ! I cannot sacrifice my teenage life for that. So I have to balance everything properly. I am given complete freedom from my parents to make my own decisions though they prefer me to consult them once.: -P.

Life is lovely, with you my dear friend, reading my bio till the end. Well thank you for reading this cRaZyY boy's bio. I stole your 1 whole minute in this. Now lets end it up. For more details, contact me. I've got loads more to tell..! Byeee...  
^\_^...!!!!!!!

# A Cute Child!

Fearless they are from their future,  
With whimsical desires for their destiny,  
Has a sweet face and innocent eyes,  
Puts a cute smile, the lovely child.

Asks solutions for his questions,  
Inquisitive they are, so imaginary and puzzling,  
Makes the elders perplexed at their wonder,  
Asking just and only just!

Why is the sky not green? And why?  
Just why isn't the water dry?  
Why is the Earth not square? And why?  
Just why isn't the fire cold?

The dainty children have their own world,  
Their mind is an Einstein,  
Which builds up a cute and lovely parade,  
Which is much more beautiful than heaven!

Most difficult thing in the world it is,  
Not to reach the skies,  
But the lovely thing it is,  
To understand the brain of a child!

Rajat Joshi

# Is Money Worth Having?

This is a fast and competitive world,  
Where the time is money  
And the man is in hurry,  
Oh, mad man, money is an awful bane,  
You'd know that if you weren't insane.

But alas, it is too late today,  
And money if the feeling, the dwelling and the healing,  
The love, the friendship,  
The life of a man.

Today the progress of your life depends  
Upon the way you interact when  
You have nothing at all,  
And the way you manage,  
When you have 'money and all',  
People say so while I don't believe it.

The life depends much more on the heart!  
A heart and only a beautiful heart,  
Where feelings can live,  
And love can prevail,  
And no amount of money,  
Can be dominating there.

A place where no rich or poor exist,  
Where money would rust and be valueless there,  
I want the world to be brought over there,  
And make them LIVE their life, their way,  
And not be slaves of MONEY for the day.

Rajat Joshi

# Just Me

A boy, a man, an insane game..  
Whimsical 'n' crazy, a trustworthy friend..  
Punctual 'n' keen, a gentelman..  
Smiling 'n' shining, a dandelion...  
Shabby 'n' sleepy wid quiet rude slang..  
Hidden in me a poet 'n' writer..  
Deep inside, still a boy of ten..  
Always a hurry to lose a train in mind..  
Hopping 'n' shouting, a jumping jack..  
'A mixture of all this is what I am..! '

Rajat Joshi

# My Lovely Girl

She is sweet, lovely little girl  
But sometimes a cheeky monkey,  
Rarely meets me and changes my day  
Loves to say, hey, hi and hello!  
Seeing me she turns  
Into an insane fellow...

Feet are steady at the pedals,  
But mind is lost in me, Oh God!  
Her pedaling goes on, still gazing in thoughts.  
Unseen stays the car in front of her  
What an awful crash she has!  
Then apologizes dramatically,  
As if an innocent lass!

Besides the roadside, now I'm too still,  
Looking at me she gives a wide broad smile,  
Now I wonder what she's up to.  
The people stare me in spiteful looks,  
In my mind I curse her well,  
But she comes by and hugs me tight  
I'm much too bewildered at sight.

She laughs and laughs and giggles and giggles,  
Leaving me alone in the streets so lone,  
To answer a dozen of people around,  
I don't know what I will speak,  
Wondering what a great sister I've got!

Rajat Joshi

## My Lovely Girl. Part 2

More cute she looks,  
The little lovely girl,  
Who loves to say, hey! Hi! Hello!  
Seeing her I turn into a crazy fellow,  
Rarely meets me and changes my day,  
Riding her cycle, all the way.

I sit with friends,  
Wishing to see her then,  
She comes, she laughs, and giggles again,  
So cute she is! I pull her cheeks!  
I drink her water and then she screams.

I ride her cycle up and down,  
On the road, around the ground,  
With her sitting on the back seat,  
Doubting on my cycling skills.

Consciouness is drawn to me,  
People stare me as if it's a sin,  
But I don't care and nor does she,  
Laughing and giggling all the way.

We stop, we chatter besides a bench,  
Her drama begins, I stop her then,  
She asks 'why! ', I give no-reply,  
Oh however I know it now,  
That she's most wonderful sister I've got! &lt;3

Rajat Joshi

# Rain! ! ^\_^ ii

It was cold and quiet so windy,  
Dim and dark with no sun around,  
Black heavy clouds surrounding my head,  
With ice chilling breeze freaking me out!

The weather was lovely,  
Quite birds were chirping,  
Pigeons lined up to have a bath,  
The dogs stay away, hiding in a cot,  
Squeezing so tightly, in and out.

Can't you guess! It was time of rain,  
Seeing shuddering children with anxious eyes,  
Down it descends, majestically in wonder,  
And splashes here 'n' there so well.

Small kids play with paper boats,  
The youths' romance boosted up at last!  
The elders prefer to stay at home,  
Eating ' breadpakodas ' with sauce,  
Unable to use the park benches now,  
Old people stare rain in troublesome thought! !

It's all for a while, it will go away,  
Such a beauty, so all revered,  
I love the rain and love the breeze,  
Wishing it comes again 'n' again,  
The way it come the way it comes,  
Cherry 'n' elegant and cold as ever! ! &lt;3 &lt;3 &lt;3

Rajat Joshi



# Studious Night

I and friends plan to study all night,  
At eleven we start with quiet a row,  
At twelve we know we can study no more,  
At one o'clock we listen to songs,  
At two we try to study again,  
We think it's an hour but it's only a quarter  
Which passes when we try to learn,  
The great needle of the clock  
Going slower than usual. Oh we are sick,  
We want lacrosse and fun.  
At three o'clock, no brain works more,  
We stare each other in sheepish looks,  
We have in us great regret and sorrow.  
At four o'clock we're partly asleep,  
Taking an oath that we won't sleep,  
At half past four, we drift away  
In our own imaginary whimsical world,  
But it's not too long till its five at dawn,  
The great church bell brings us back to life.  
Mistaking it a nightmare, we scream  
Together, sitting totally upright in wonder.  
Within a few minutes our energy is finished  
And the heavy eyelids force us to drift away,  
No more mortal movement is experienced,  
Until we wake up lazily and late.  
But we are glad to know  
We've missed school again!

Rajat Joshi

# You'Re A Wonderful Friend!

You bind us together,  
In a perfect lot,  
Your presence so merry,  
All troubles get lost.  
Your smiles and laughs,  
Your healthy appetite,  
Gives a boost to the life,  
In a very cherry stride.  
When you are around,  
There is smile all around,  
Nothing to worry!  
So sweet, so sound.  
Our screams, our laughs,  
So exciting adventures,  
Will be recalled again,  
We'll miss you friend!  
New things to face,  
A lot more to achieve,  
We bid you luck,  
And a good farewell! !  
Go see the world,  
And reach great heights,  
Open your wings,  
And fly in the sky.  
It really is,  
It really is,  
Just too unbearable! !  
To say Good Bye...

Rajat Joshi