Poetry Series

Vinay Joshi

- 5 poems -

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Indifference

Ambiguity I abhor,
for it does corrode
the essence of a man's life
and leaves but decadence.

Love or hate
but do not vacillate,
for if anything saps
as much juice of life
it is ambivalance,
which does not let you
either love or hate.

(1973)

Vinay Joshi

Life

For some, it is gaity personified,
For some, it is nothing but toil,
For some, it is an open vista
Through Duty and Love,

But I,
Who has felt the miseries of life,
For me
It is nothing but
An Incomprehensible Question Mark.

(March 1973)

Vinay Joshi

Me

When I entered
the industrial scene
to enlist in the job,
the holy ashram's keeper
cautioned me against
going for the job
saying, 'You have a
heart of a poet
and there they work
with hammer and steel',
and the year was 1975.

Again, when I did
get inside the industrial precincts,
the elderly official said,
'Why are you coming
into this industrial jungle? ',
then much against
my chagrined heart.

Twenty years thence,
having borne through
many struggles, backstabs
and heart-bleeds,
yet another elderly official
exiled from the seat of power,
told me,
'You are like a flower,
why don't you go for another job? '
(Ironically, he himself
became an exploiting, scheming taskmaster,
when he got the sceptre
in his hands) .

Much water has flown
in the Ganges,
near whose banks I lived,
and many bodies
burnt on its 'Ghats',
the heart
I was born with,
has remained the same,
a poet's heart,
touchy, sentimental
and fiery, at times,
but, never scheming,
plotting and conniving.

Afraid,
one of these days,
I may have to
learn the 'art'

to get my way through
in this world
before I exit.
Should I?

(December 2011)

Vinay Joshi

Refuge

Time and again
I come to you,
When I find
My faith shaken,
My confidence shattered,
When I find
Not a soul to confide
My innermost thoughts,
Which set the sea
Into churning turbulence-
To be assuaged by a dropp of Your
Bountiful, benign kindliness.

(1973)

Vinay Joshi

You-2

Your bewitchment
I abhor
For having given
So little of yourself
You ask for so much
That I may deplete
The vitalizing force
Which keeps me
So close to you
And yet so far away.

(1973)

Vinay Joshi