

Poetry Series

Harshini Priyaa
- poems -



PoemHunter.com

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Harshini Priyaa()

Hi poem hunters! I'm Harshini and an amateur poet and also the author of 5 books. Writing poems is my favorite hobby, and I'm also amiable with everyone. I aspire to become a startup owner. Hope you all enjoy my writings! !



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Parenthood

Parent's love is pure and true,
A bond that's strong and ever new,
A love that grows with each passing day,
In every word and every way.

Their hearts are filled with tenderness,
A love that knows no bounds or stress,
Their love is like a guiding light,
That helps us through the darkest night.

Their love is there through thick and thin,
A never-ending cycle that begins,
Their love is like a constant stream,
That flows forever, like a dream.

So let us cherish and hold dear,
This love that's always near,
For a parent's love is priceless gold,
A treasure that will never grow old.

Harshini Priyaa

Looking For Such A Place...

I travelled in a train,
To to a place,
With various cultures and,
No discrimination of race.

As we rushed, through the train
I reached a place, fully green and plain.
I stopped and stepped out,
Many farmers were in a working bout

They were happily tilling,
By enchantingly singing.
Small children were amusing,
And the scenery was relaxing.

Everyone were cherishing their occupation,
And proud of their farming relation.
Effort was seen in their hardworking,
Beauty was seen in their honest earning.

This place seems - Mysterious and amazing,
They ended the gender discrimination
And adored the culture variegation.
So, In such a place, peace has emerged...

Harshini Priyaa

Be Genuine

'Show to everyone,
Your genuine attitude
And they shall owe you,
Their pleasing gratitude.'

Tell others, the golden words
Say, 'I'm Sorry', 'Thank You', 'Welcome';

Being rude is of ease,
For it destroys the peace.
But, by being humble you possess,
A wonderful way to a big success!

But, never be a 'Boaster a Braggart'
It might lead your life too overtart.
Staying meekly, and succeeding their life,
Is the identity for a wise person. ??

Give a genuine smile, and cheer others
Think everyone as your sisters and brothers
Befriend everyone and make them glad
Now, the world will turn to see you from back.

Harshini Priyaa

Golden Sleep

'Sleep', a word it associates,
When it is full of darkness.
Sorrows in mind it alleviates
Though dark, it too has a brightness.

For some, it is easy to gain
For others, gaining it is pain.
After struggling to get it,
Work and stress we quit.

Rest is like a dress,
That we wear during sleep.
Though easy or though tough
Everyone are pleased to have it to keep!

Harshini Priyaa



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New Dawn

The new dawn emerges
At the high and esteem
The sun rises above,
If I stand straight to it, I gleam

When I stand before the sun,
I feel my intuitive energetic
It makes me the happiest.

When I see it at the,
Orange-red complexion sky,
It charmly greets me,
'Good morning'.

When it's golden arms
Passes through me,
My face looks the most beautiful
And, I shine through that moment.

Harshini Priyaa



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Spread Happiness, Spread Goodness

Happiness is where, you're out of joy.
When a person has good thoughts and deeds,
Happiness knew no bounds,
When you're filled with contentment.

Happiness is the abode of bliss.
When we achieve something
Or we get something we longed for
It makes the moments cherishing.

Happiness is contagious
So give a gentle smile or a bright laugh
Pass this boon to everyone
Which makes others happy too
And frees them from their miseries.

Now they become happy because of you,
JUST BECAUSE OF YOU

Spread happiness, Spread goodness!

Harshini Priyaa

A Fantasy Dream

I would always dream,
Whose imagination is quite extreme.
It could never happen in real,
Horror! I wake up and squeal.

I felt that inside a tree,
Behind a swamp of bee ??
One haunted house is there.
A fright of ghost, it will bear.

It's usually incredible, I think.
I'm in a whole fantasy world.
I feel that, I'll be attacked by:
Dragons, witches, wizards and many more!

Frightening!

Sometimes, it's totally different!
It was a wonderful nightmare...
I was a pretty fairy, living royally.
But, I think it's totally awkward.

I think that, People would treat me,
As an insane. But, I don't know,
Whether... my dream is a boon or bane?

Note: Here boon refers to the creativity of dreaming different from others and bane refers to the awkward nightmares.

Harshini Priyaa

Not Now A Silly Nightmare!

During a night, you will see
A fright of ghosts, hiding behind a tree.
Try passing through the Halloween park,
A scary dog will give a terrifying bark.

I can perceive your panic,
You're seeing many witches, gigantic.
Frightening sounds, you can hear.
Run away! If you really dare.

These make you feel thriller.
But it's worst to get caught up with a serial killer.
Don't worry, It's just a horrible nightmare.
Now, doubts and fears you shouldn't bear.

Wake up! Wake up! Wake up soon!
The ghosts are rhyming a horrible tune!
This time, it's happening really guys ??
Hope, the ghosts isn't there now,

RIGHT IN FRONT OF OUR EYES!

Harshini Priyaa

Purest Form Of Love

I love my mom and finds something precious in her.
Her unconditional love towards me,
Forever her love & affection, will be.

She understands everything,
She knows when I'm happy / sad.
She finds easily if I'm doing any mistake and warns.
I feel that if she is able to read my mind.

Yes it's true. Every mom can read her child's mind because no one one will be able to be better understand us than our mom - my comfortable person.

Mother's love has no bounds
And I always feel comfortable with her.

The most precious person in our life - shows us the purest form of love,

Harshini Priyaa



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Memories

Memories whether good/bad are inevitable.

Memories can also be quite pleasurable.

Memories of pain are only durable.

Memories - pain/pleasure, let's make us adaptable.

Everyone have their own memories, often sweet and cherishing;

Joyful memories makes us exciting and,

By hearing that, we become 'stunned'.

It makes us the most happiest person in the world,

So, we start to fly like a happy bird.

Sad memories are of course not pleasant,

Which happened in the past.

But, we are simply wasting the time,

By regretting for memories that didn't last.

All these fond/etched memories,

get's over soon and we get our remedies.

It gets vanished from our brain,

And we will live a short happy life again!

Even when we try to forget it earlier,

Things, people, properties or even health can be lost.

But our most important thing is our memories.

Though happy/though sad everyone keeps it!

Harshini Priyaa

Prejudice

Prejudice is something that everyone has
Not only you and me but,
A bad thought that every men has

Neither will agree,
For making someone feel unfree
Just the sake for mocking

I shall say from my inner soul,
That it can create, in our peace a hole.

'Unity in diversity' is a thought,
Hidden in the mind of every Indian, who fought.
This has to be merely implemented
Before this in getting incremented.

Prejudice can happen due to race
The matter that we should face;

Prejudice exists in spirituality
So, let's make them practice simplicity;

Prejudice can occur due to gender
Which resides with us in splendor;

Creating prejudices makes people regret,
After they realise the inner peace
And now they are upset,
For finding that the peace can't be leased.

Let us join our hands,
By not criticising someone by birth
Just we all are the same and normal humans, Inhabiting in this silly earth!

Harshini Priyaa

Flower Blossom

Flower blossoms in my heart
Like a sweet cute tart
It's velvety soft petals
Are swaying above the sepals.

It blossoms anywhere
If you look around everywhere
The swift blowing wind
Sometimes entangles,
Everytime it wangles

But, flowers are like a pure heart
You can find that,
If you see a new bouquet of flowers.
Bright and cool are those flowers
It might now seem glower...

Harshini Priyaa



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Doggies

Dogs are cute little bunnies
They are so funny.
Doggies be the best buddie
Whether a White or a Blackie.

He made made my distress vanish
And there isn't still any blemish
I'm suffused with happiness
In his cute childishness.

If my dogs could talk as my friends
Entire day with them, I would spend.
There wouldn't be anybody, with whom I'd talk,
It is my dogs, I'd enjoy with, having a nice walk!

Harshini Priyaa



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The Breezing Wind

A cool breeze of wind,
Howled during the night.
She passed through my heart,
Making it energetic and bright.

Sometimes it is the swishy,
Bluster of wind with a gust
In the nature it's the best.
Though as an unwelcomed guest.

Among the vast beauty stages
Of the mountains and lakes.
You can even perceive her,
If there's not any mistake.

You see how powerful she is,
That she can spread
In the tiles of a wide forest
By also curing the heart of a forest.

Harshini Priyaa

The Banyan's Beauty

How beautiful is the Banyan Tree!
As Magnificent as she should be.
She has dancing leaves, when it'd swish.
But the whole tree is a different kettle of fish!

How happily the children play with her!
Maybe, its her aerial roots that'll spur.
She is lucky to have so many friends
What a spectacular time she spends!

How nice does those aerial roots,
Sprouts from that crooked branches!
She creates some melody moods,
By her shimmering sound, that'd amaze us!

How does she stands tall and resilient
With her branches lifted high?
Well, she refuses to bow, break or bend,
And she nears the vast-boundless sky!

How powerful is her strength within!
That she grows up and down the Earth.
But, she's weathered every stormy gale
Perhaps, for another sturdy rebirth!

Harshini Priyaa

Spring - Season Of Gay

Spring, spring is the season of gay
It tends the kids to joyfully play.
The flower blossoms everywhere, east and west.
The spring season is indeed the best.

The Spring season is gonna soon arrive,
Bid an adieu to the winter - Goodbye.
Trill-trill the Nightingale enchantingly sings,
Bright sunshine and dazzling colours it brings.

The season of gay had already came,
The beauty of the widespread fame.
Everything's growing, the wind is gently blowing
Because now, Spring is here! Spring is here!

Harshini Priyaa



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Life Is A Bafflement

When things get complex,
Don't get flustered.
Stay calm and composed,
When things get complex.

Life is full of confusions,
It has unexpected turns.
Be vigilant and cautious,
As life is full of confusions.

The world is an uncanny mystery,
Though it has some good-looking hearts.
But don't dare to drink the poison,
For, the world is an uncanny mystery.

Life is a puzzle board, Don't cry over spilt milk.
Yes, it can cause confusions, misunderstandings.
But you won't hesitate anymore for that,
Because you know life is a puzzle board.

Harshini Priyaa

Stars

Twinkling stars up in the sky,
Each one shining luminous bright,
Sparkling like tiny little diamonds,
On a dark and starry night.

All in their own patterns,
Creating a magical show,
Dancing around in the heavens,
Where they will always glow.

In different shapes and sizes,
A million of them in sight,
A reminder of the beauty,
That lights up the marvelous night.

Mysterious and captivating,
The stars will always provide,
A source of wonder and amazement,
That can never be denied.

Harshini Priyaa

You Changed My Life

The day you said your love to me,
Got to be the unforgettable moment.

It was just a normal day in a normal place...
It was the usual setting where
we generally meet.

But the moment you said the one phrase,
' I L Y ' ...

The place became auspicious, my mind became ecstatic and I was on the top of
world.

I've been on cloud nine, since you have said the three letter word and I grinned
from ear to ear.

You are the person who made my life merry.
Your lotus lips has touched my heart.
You are the magician who made my sorrow vanish.
And you're too the person too whom I love... ?

Harshini Priyaa

Feelings Are Not So Funny

Feelings usually arise,
Making us surprise.
They give us happiness or stress.
Anyways, feelings are unwelcomed guests.

Feelings give our face, a grin
Creating a happiness, within
It makes our day bright
Producing a pleasant delight.

Feelings make us sad,
Thinking that this world is bad
It destroys the peace, 'gloomy'
Making us to be roomy.

Feelings make us angry,
Fighting with others, 'hungry'
It makes our day turn black.
And makes everything, zig zag.

But feelings are not so funny,
Instead they reside in our hearts always,
Whether good/bad
Making it unforgettable...

Harshini Priyaa

Smile

Smile is like God's boon,
For it boosts your immune.

Smile tends your brain to happiness
It destroys, in your life, the bitterness.

Everyone can't smile from heart,
It's somewhere hiding in your brain's part,
But you can... as you are blessed.
Now you shall forget everything, becoming unstressed.

All you have to do is a large grin
Which shoulda be right above your chin

Stay Happy And Acheive

Harshini Priyaa



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The Haunted Mirror ??

Yesterday night ??, I was alone at home
So, I needed to sleep lonesome. ??
I have a habit of early sleep
Still, I waited for my parents ?? to come home.

I heard a man in the store room giving a pitch
I thought, behind the mirror was a witch
But, there was neither a witch nor a man
Suddenly a sound emerged of a fallen can. ??

I took a breath and went to my room
I looked back and got astonished
To my surprise, the mirror followed me
And it was hanging on the door! ??

I saw myself in it, but behind me was a man.
When I looked back, no one was there. ??
I turned again slowly and frighteningly,
And the mirror was no long showing the man!

I tried to open the door, quietly,
As the mirror has eyes ?? and ears ??.
I succeeded and went out of the room.
And gave a deep sigh to retire on the couch.

It was exactly 10 PM. ??
And, I heard an alarming bell from the door.
I hope that it shouldn't be,
Anything more frightening. ??

I went slowly and opened the door carefully,
To my surprise, Thank God, It was my parents.
I became calm and gave a gentle smile.
So, I went to the bed. ??

But the horror mirror vanished and it still remained a mystery to me. ??
How can a soulless thing move? ??
I realized that, I have fell to insomnia... ??

Read A Book!

Read a book
And you can see,
Around the world you fly like a bee!

Read a book
And you can find
Stories and tales of every kind!

Read a book
And you can share,
The wonderful words you see it there!

Read a book
And you can make,
A marvelous story, until a break!

Harshini Priyaa



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The Forest Ride

By passing the deep forest during a winter night,
I collected a few twigs
and set them to ignite.

I was feeling the warmth
By hugging my tight cloth
I saw the ever sorest thing
For the hunters deforesting

Bees were buzzing;
Frogs were leaping;
Birds were chirping; and,
Tigers were roaring;

Feeling unhappy that
Unable to save this lovely forest,
'What a poor thing' my brain and heart chorused.

Whom does these woods belong to?
I don't know a thing or two,
So I hope it doesn't matter for me and you.

The forest was dense and dusky
Though open but pathless, I thought
While I suddenly realized in the middle of the forest,
That I have been lost!

Harshini Priyaa

My Friend: I Shall Be Loyal To You

There is one thing which is true
For the friendship, I found in you.
The sake for you, touched my heart
Is to bless my life a brand-new start.

Whenever, in case of a plight
You craft my life so bright.
I never knew, that you are the one
To make me say that, my life is done.

Oh my friend, I owe my gratitude
Being touched by your caring attitude.
You are always loyal to me
Which cherish and nurtures my life! '

Harshini Priyaa



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Clock

What has two hands but, can't clap?
It's absolutely a clock
Whose face, merrily seemed to mock.

'Never mind', said the clock
By striking it's hands around
And vocalized, 'Tick-tock, Tick-tock'

I wondered about the clock,
Whose arms constantly moves
And doesn't get into sleep ??

But one day, the clock struck and stood
Without moving it's hands.
I was feeling bad for my poor friend
And trying to solve the mystery,
Why it has been stopped.

This got to an end,
When my grandpa, gave it a medicine
To alleviate it's pain
Thus, all the mystery was spoiled and it,
Ran as fast as a speeding train.

Note: In this poem, medicine is literally a battery and it has been used to personify.

Harshini Priyaa

Moon

The moon appears to be a silver plate
The big and round whom to see, I await.
I like to stand and run, in our terrace
To find that, whether it chases me or I did chase.

It loves to amuse with me, Hide-and-seek.
And merely smiles, above the mountain peak.

The moon plays with me a special game
For not always remaining the same.
Sometimes full, either time crescent
Another day half, but I don't know,
What it's gonna be present.

The moon followed me or I followed it?
I tried to prank, In the corners I hid.
But, to my surprise it smiled
And still chased me,
When I peeped in the walls amid.

By accepting defeat,
I strolled in the park through the night
The moon followed me, while back to home.
Or, I followed it, I don't certainly know.

Harshini Priyaa

Let The Dream Live

I have within me, Thousands of dreams.
Some are passion and.,
Some be scary of illusions
Just like dream hallucinations.

Life is like an hot-air-balloon,
Sometimes it can fly,
Making us excited and happy
Another time it may fall,
Creating illusions and making life crappy.

Dream is not just, we see in sleep
It is something that we have to keep.
Just redream to fulfill,
And see yourself in a high esteem.

Let the dream live in your life,
To show the path for a bright future.
For you to have good thoughts
While laying on the pretty dreaming cots.

Unleash the dream,
They beautify the souls
Making them good,
And fly towards a big hope.

Harshini Priyaa

Garage Car

There's a garage in our home,
Behind the garden's loam.
It's often of dirt and dusty,
And my grandpa's car which is old & rusty.

The room is deprived of air and sunshine,
For it is scary and dark.
Which has walls of black marks,
And, I can listen small insects who hark

One day, I sneaked there to see the old car.
It has two wide eyes right above its bumper,
Being careful, I looked at its window
To check for any ghosts info.

I perceived the car crying for petrol.
It remembered my grandpa saying,
'The car is lucky and used to accelerate.
And kept on going, Roll and Roll'.

I was keen to know about the lucky car
And want my father to drive it.
Alas, the next day it was sold
At a hefty price, my father told.

My mom cleaned the garage,
And we lodged a brand new car there.
I felt that it went away from me far,
To my surprise, it was my same lucky car!

Harshini Priyaa

Oh My Cake!

I was going to a restaurant
For the soft and fluffy butter cake,
Too many people pushed me up
Waiting for that lucky break!

I just want to eat all the cake goodies
What to do? I'm such a foodieees!
I heard the last piece, calling my name
But alas, it was just one of its silly game!

The Cake - Icy, sweet and flowery cream
I can't resist and just ate it, Splat and Poof??
But all fell down just like a marvelous dream!
So now, I went under the cake shop roof.

I thought of a shake it off fitness gym,
As these cakes would not make me slim.
But I stuck up at the hinge
For I became an lazy eating binge!

OMC! Help me for goodness sake
I can't resist-seeing those colorful & spongies.
So, I didn't worried up for anything
And had wolfed it to my tummy - Everything! ! !

Note: Here the word 'hinge' is used to express that the poet has been stuck between diet, exercise and cake.

Harshini Priyaa

I Love My Nation

India is my country,
Big and vast.
It has its diversity,
With distinct customs from the past.

'Unity In Diversity', is a thought,
In the mind of every Indian, who fought.
United we shall stay, always
From our freedom story's tall tales.

India is our country,
With various significant symbols
But, those antiques are not so simple.

The great emblem of India
Is in the reminiscence of Emperor Ashoka.
The wonderful Ashok Chakra resides,
In my heart and on our national flag.

India is a country,
With marvelous temples and sculptures
And the magnificent infrastructures.
'A citizen of India', I'm proud to say so.

How brave were the Indian fighters,
And they made India's future brighter.
But, they are no more,
May their soul rest in peace...

Our country is home for many sages
Entering an outsider in our home, enrages
Whoever try to beat our customs,
We can become as united rustoms.

The beautiful mountains and forests,
The enchanting songs and various dances,
The diversity in languages, make me to feel Proud of my nation and tends to
SALUTE IT...

Adorable Girl

I am little & a special princess,
For my parents ? And they titled me,
As 'Adorable Girl'. ?? They make me fly, and
I became a happy, roaming butterfly ??.

I'm often been called as:

- A - You are so amazing.
- D - You are my darling.
- O - You are an outstanding girl.
- R - You are a responsible child.
- E - You are an enchanting singer.
- A - You have an attractive smile.
- B - You are benign towards others.
- L - You are my lovely princess.
- E - Your dress is gorgeously embellished.

I'm a princess, born royally.
We help our subjects lavishly
I'm a child born on the palace, high
Now, I'm a queen of a realm, I sigh.

Harshini Priyaa

Power Of Dreams

Some dreams are high,
Which makes us fly.
Some of them are low,
That everyone know.

Dreams make our thoughts pure.
Nothing to be obscure.
Now, a positive aura takes with us.
And we acheive esteem, thus.

The power of dreams,
Enlights the darkness
Making a clear path
Creating a brightness.

Harshini Priyaa



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A Cup Of Coffee

The world is filled with odds
Mind is like sailing in an unknown sea
Just cease the useless tedium
By brewing a cup of coffee

There's an enchantment in its fragrance
There's a solace in its taste
There's a bitterness in its eloquence
But when it spills; It becomes waste.

The world becomes uncanny
You lack energy and enthusiasm
The day becomes a soury toffee
Maybe in this morning, you haven't took a
A
Cup
Of
Coffee! !

Harshini Priyaa



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Majestic Mountains

The majestic mountains stand so high
Tall and proud in the vast sky
Awe inspiring beauty fills the air
As I look up and I stare

The snow covered peaks so white
The cold winter wind so light
The mossy green of the trees
The wildflowers in the breeze

The raging rivers is quite deep
The sound of their waters, so serene
The rocky crags so high
The valleys and the sky

The sunlit peaks of the morning
The misty fog of the night
The snow capped peaks so bright
The stars shining are also bright

There is something special about the mountain
The way it stands resilient and strong
It's beauty is unrivalled and divine
A majestic mountain all its own.

Harshini Priyaa

The Curious Crab

Amidst the vast seashore,
A scary crab is what I see.
While I was eager to explore,
The arid soil near the sea.

Catching the sunrays for recreation,
The crab's shrill sounds a funny weird,
But it's sting, gives a sharp sensation
Of the hell's vibes getting neared.

The crab suddenly gets furious,
When it's home got a pluck.
Well if you didn't get injurious,
It's purely the beginner's luck!

Harshini Priyaa



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A Spark Of Hope

In the depths of a darkened heart,
Where shadows loom and fears impart,
A spark of hope can ignite the flame,
And light the path to a brighter game.

With love and kindness as the fuel,
The heart can thaw, no longer cruel,
The darkness fades, the light shines through,
A soul reborn, with a fresh new view.

So let us be the light in the night,
And chase away the dark with all our might,
For in each of us, a light can burn,
And bring hope to souls that yearn.

Harshini Priyaa



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The Haunting Melody Of Midnight Madness

In the depths of the night, when the moon is full,
And the trees bend and sway with a mournful pull,
The shadows grow long, and the air turns cold,
And the creatures of darkness begin to unfold.

From the corners of the earth they emerge,
The monsters of legend, the creatures of surge,
The werewolves, the vampires, the demons of old,
And the witches and warlocks with powers untold.

Their eyes gleam red in the pale moonlight,
And their teeth glisten sharp, ready to bite,
Their howls pierce the silence, their claws tear the ground,
And their laughter echoes, an eerie sound.

They dance in a circle, with a flicker of flame,
And the air is thick with the stench of their game,
The blood of the innocent, the souls of the pure,
Sacrificed to their master, the prince of the obscure.

And as they revel in their gruesome delight,
The world outside trembles in fright,
For the veil between worlds grows ever thin,
And the fantasy horror, becomes reality within.

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